

THE ONLY REMAINING
COMPLETE SETS
OF
THE LIVING AGE,
AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

The publishers have a small number of Complete Sets of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, which they offer at a large reduction from former prices.

As the Sets cannot be reprinted, the last opportunity is now offered not only to procure them cheaply, but to procure them at all.

The last number of the year 1872 completed the *Fourth Series*, and the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume*, from the beginning of the publication. The regular price of volumes has been, in numbers, *two dollars* per volume, or, bound in cloth, *three dollars* per volume. The publishers now offer the Complete Sets to the close of 1872 (115 volumes), as follows:—

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at one-half the subscription price, viz.: \$1.00 per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, at \$1.75 per volume.

Purchasers of Complete Sets of the First Four Series may at their option, include the whole, or any part, of the *Fifth Series*, to the end of 1888 (64 volumes) at the same rate.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with three times the money for which it is here offered; and while this reduction in price places Sets within the reach of individuals possessing or forming private libraries, the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College, or School Libraries is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill. Address

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.

2,

ING

y to

One

ular

oth,

lose

rice,

per

ion,

nes)

ame

mes

aces

the

s is

lete

o be

oxes



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXVI.

No. 2338. — April 20, 1889.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXII.

CONTENTS.

I. TITUS OATES,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	131
II. THE HERITAGE OF THE HAPSBURGS,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	144
III. MY SON TOMMY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	155
IV. JAMES SMITH,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	162
V. GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	169
VI. IRISH NOVELISTS ON IRISH PEASANTS,	<i>National Review,</i>	181
VII. WORDSWORTHIANA,	<i>Spectator,</i>	189

POETRY.

PREFERENCES AND TREASURES,	130	A BIRTHDAY,	130
LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS L. W.,	130	"TOUJOURS L'AUDACE,"	130

MISCELLANY,	192
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

PREFERENCES AND TREASURES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook,
Then quaff excitement from a golden chal-
ice;

I'd rather sleep on straw in shepherd's hut,
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleas-
ure,

Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true unfailing friend,
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;
And one poor lass who loved me for myself,
Than one without a heart who owned a
county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere
around us;

While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers, and health,
and love —

These are endowments if we learn to prize
them;

The wise man's treasures better worth than
gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise
them.

Chambers' Journal.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS L. W.

THE angels still stand on the mountain-tops,
But thou no more mayst climb to meet them
there,

By the dread steps of that steep, crystal stair,
Carved in the heaven's high wall, in wide mid-
air.

Still, riding on the clouds, the Queen Moon
stops

Over the "Silver Horns" her silver chair;
But thou, from some star-curtained, rocky
ledge,

Mayst see no more thy watchfire's leaping
glow

Redden her pale light, on some treacherous
edge,

Where the ice cornice, glittering smooth and
fair,

O'erhangs the unmeasured depth of dark be-
low:

Nor from some rose-flushed snow spire in the
sky,

Breathless look down on dim immensity,
While in the west, the day bleeds slow to
death,

Swooning into the outstretched arms of Night
Nor feel the living thrill of the first breath
Of new-born Morning, when her feet alight

On the great granite peaks, that one by one
Crown themselves with the rising of the sun.
Yet happy thou! for all this has been thine,
And shall be, till thou lie beneath the sod,
Thence to arise, to see things more divine —
If such there be — before the throne of God.

Temple Bar.

FANNY KEMBLE.

A BIRTHDAY.

UP from the under-world they come again,
Dim forms of vanished years;
And some rose-garlanded, nor known of pain,
Some pale with tears.

The golden summers of gone girlhood's days,
When all the world was young;
The glittering star-gleam; the bedizened sprays
Where hoarfrost clung.

Rose-scented gales that are the breath of June;
The north wind's bitter blast —
With many voices do they sing the tune
Of life that's past.

And could they tell us of the years to come —
Would it be better so?

But nay: the book is sealed, their lips are
dumb;

We may not know.

I can but wish you what is good and great,
True-hearted till the end,
Nor ever daunted by an adverse fate,
Nor lacking friend.

And if it be that you must tread alone
The long and empty years,
Wear still rosemary for the past you've known,
With hopes, not fears.

Chambers' Journal.

J. W.

"TOUJOURS L'AUDACE!"

ONCE in our lives we know what men we are:
In common hours we live as common men,
Our valor not true valor; and a star
Shines not more distant than our "now, and
then."

Anon, as winds that shake a stagnant deep,
Comes there a wakening. On some glorious
day

Dull custom drops from off us like a sleep,
And fear, a horrid nightmare, slinks away:
And we are free, and freedom is a power
Of joy, of inspiration. Only dare,
Dare strongly! When it comes, the day, the
hour,

Delay not! coming dangers throng the air:
Before us lie the paths of light or gloom,
A greater England, or decay and doom.

Spectator.

A. G. B.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TITUS OATES.

Authorities: (1) The Dulwich College Collection of Contemporary Pamphlets; (2) Burnet's History of his Own Time; (3) Cobbett's Complete Collection of State Trials; (4) The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby; (5) The Somers Collection of Tracts.]

It is to be regretted that so few memoirs of Titus Oates are to be found at the two Stuart exhibitions now on view at the New Gallery and the British Museum; for whatever may be the estimate in which he is commonly held, it cannot be denied that he played prominent parts in the reigns of the two last kings of that house. During the first, as the "saviour of the nation" and discoverer-in-chief of the Popish Plot, and during the second, as a vile wretch fit only to be condemned to be whipped to death between Newgate and and Tyburn, he attracted the blessings and curses of mankind in a greater degree than has probably ever fallen to the lot of any one man. The sunshine in which he basked under Charles II. was relatively as bright as the storm and tempest were black which overtook him when James II. came to the throne. The liberal pension and handsome apartments which had been given him by the Merry Monarch as a reward for his services to the State, were exchanged for the jail, the pillory, and the cart's tail; and though, on the accession of William and Mary, he was restored to liberty and granted a new but smaller pension, he never recovered from the odium of the crimes which had been brought home to him during the preceding reign.

Historians commonly represent Titus Oates as the vilest of mankind, and exhaust their vocabularies in seeking to find terms sufficiently vituperative with which to describe him. To a great extent this is the result of a generous feeling which makes it appear to them impossible that men should be found who could be capable of planning the fiendish design which Titus attributed to the authors of the Popish Plot. In England at the present day it may safely be affirmed that such a scheme would never enter into the hearts of men to conceive; but in less favored lands we have within the last few years seen a sovereign assassinated, the lives of others attempted, and a reigning prince

kidnapped by political enthusiasts, who are confessedly less under a sense of compulsion than those fanatics who believe that they are acting under religious inspiration. But, unfortunately, in the time of Titus Oates attempts on the lives of English sovereigns by Roman Catholic agents were fresh in the minds of men, and deeds had been done in the sacred name of religion both in England and Ireland which made the ears of the nation to tingle. Men had not forgotten that the life of Queen Elizabeth had on more than one occasion been attempted, nor was the Gunpowder Plot an event which was likely soon to pass away from their memories.

Such murderous attacks were viewed with the abhorrence which is universally felt by Englishmen at the idea of assassination. The trade of secret murder had never flourished in England. It had always been regarded as an evil of foreign growth, and as more especially belonging to that country where Popery has its headquarters. It was easy, therefore, to associate the two products of Italy, and to look upon Papists as assassins, or the apologists for assassination. But it may be doubted whether such outrages as those spoken of would alone have been sufficient to account for the dread and hatred of Popery which had overspread the land. Isolated acts of violence committed on members of a small privileged class, however much they may be reprobated, do not stir deeply the minds of the people at large. But to every Englishman of the time of Titus Oates the Roman Catholics had given abundant evidence to prove that the lives and properties of Protestants were no longer safe when committed to their hands. The cruelties which had disgraced the reign of Mary, and the horrors of the Popish rebellion in Ireland of 1641, had brought home to the minds of Englishmen with realistic force the danger of allowing any encroachment on the part of the aggressive enemy. The anxiety of the situation was accentuated by the fact that the Duke of York, who was the next heir to the throne, had proclaimed himself a Roman Catholic; and it had become not only possible but probable, therefore, that a line of Popish mon-

arches might be established on the throne. Sunday after Sunday the people were exhorted from countless pulpits to resist the advance of a religion which was said to sanction cruelty when Protestants were the victims, and to approve of murder when its interests were at stake. The statute-book bore testimony to the depth of the feeling of the nation. The Test Act was passed, which prohibited Roman Catholics from holding any civil or military office, and numerous laws were enacted which forbade the public exercise of their religion and the sale of Romish emblems.

But the prospect of the immediate future which filled the minds of the people with such dire forebodings produced among the Roman Catholics an elation which they found it difficult to repress. They confidently looked forward to a time when their position and that of the Protestants would be reversed, and the more intemperate among them were unable to refrain from openly announcing the prospective measures by which the Protestant clergy would be compelled to give up their churches and parsonages to the priests, and the owners of monastic lands would be called upon to restore their properties to the Church from which they had been taken. The spirits of the Catholics were still further raised by the indolent and easy-going disposition of the king. The pursuit of pleasure in which Charles was engaged indisposed him towards the infliction of pains and penalties on any section of his subjects for the sake of a religious belief. It is commonly the case that those who indulge in the pleasant vices are tolerant of the religious foibles of their fellow-men, and in Charles the tolerance produced by indifference was still further fostered by a secret leaning towards the persecuted faith. The Roman Catholics had therefore good grounds for expecting a speedy relief from the disabilities under which they labored. Not only in England, but among the Dominicans in Rome and the Jesuits in France and Spain, hopes were openly expressed that a good time was coming for the English followers of their faith, and that before long mass would again be celebrated in Westminster Abbey.

It was while the nation was in this feverish condition that Titus Oates announced his discovery of a "popish plot" for the murder of the king, the subversion of the Protestant faith, and the overthrow of the government.

Oates had led a professedly checkered existence. He was the son of a ribbon-weaver, who had been originally an Anabaptist teacher, and who had conformed and become a clergyman of the Church of England. Titus likewise, who was born at Hastings in 1620, took holy orders, and acquired a benefice in Kent. But his temper and disposition were not such as to befit him for the life of a country clergyman. He was proud and overbearing, and at the same time ignorant and ill-tempered. His tongue was so little under his command that he allowed himself to speak slightly in public of some of the most sacred mysteries of his faith, and on one occasion he was prosecuted for perjury. After these experiences he became a naval chaplain. But here also either an ill-fortune or a just retribution overtook him, for a charge being made against him of infamous conduct, he was dismissed from the fleet. His next office was that of chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk—a strange post for a Protestant clergyman to hold, and one which could only have been offered to him with the intention of perverting him to Roman Catholicism. At all events, this result followed almost immediately. To Hutchinson, a Jesuit in the household of the duke, belongs the honor of having perverted Titus. But the proselyte was as little popular in his new communion as he had been in the old, and to discipline him into submission he was sent to the Jesuit college at St. Omer. Thence he was despatched on missions through France and Spain, where, as he affirmed, he gathered the particulars of the plot which on his return to England in 1678 he determined to divulge.

But the matter was one which required careful handling. An undue publicity might have subjected Titus either to have been whisked away by his co-religionists or to have been incarcerated by their influence as an impostor. It was necessary, therefore, that the revelation

should be made privately, in the first instance, to the highest personages in the State. A certain Dr. Tonge, a simple and credulous chemist, who though truthful and sincere was prone to wild schemes and notions, happened to be an acquaintance of Oates and a friend of one Kirby, who was employed in the king's laboratory. To him, therefore, Titus confided a portion of the plot, with the request that he would induce Kirby to mention the matter to the king. This Kirby did, and Tonge was summoned by the king to an audience. Of this opportunity Tonge made good use, and gave the king so many particulars tending to prove the existence of a plot against his life, that the king, though disposed to be incredulous, felt bound to take some notice of the communication, and handed him over to Lord Danby for examination. Danby, however, was even less inclined to believe in the plot than Charles, and treated the whole affair with indifference. Shortly afterwards, anonymous letters of a mysterious import referring to plots and discoveries reached Bedingfield, the Duke of York's confessor, who carried them to his master, who in his turn laid them before the king. But still so little faith was placed in the reports, that six weeks were allowed to pass without any notice being taken of them.

Titus felt, therefore, that some further step was necessary to convince the Gallios of the court of the truth of his revelation. Again Tonge was made his instrument, and this time he was sent to Dr. Burnet, whose influence at court was well known. To him Tonge stated, among other things, that Conyers, a Benedictine monk, had undertaken to stab the king. Amazed at the communication, Burnet took counsel with Dr. Lloyd, the rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a man of profound erudition, and of whom Bishop Wilkins used to say "he had the most learning in ready cash of any he ever knew." Lloyd hastened to the office of the secretary of state with the news, and Oates was summoned to appear before the Privy Council the next day.

But Oates's experience of the ministers was such as to make him fear that they might again turn a deaf ear to his discov-

eries. He therefore determined to place his account of the plot on record before presenting himself at the Council-chamber. The most eminent justice of the peace in London was Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. At the time of the plague, when all his brother magistrates had sought safety by flight from the fever-stricken city, he had the courage to remain at his post. For this signal instance of public spirit he had been knighted, and was universally esteemed for his courage and ability. He was a zealous Protestant, but was at the same time so entirely free from bigotry that he lived on excellent terms with his Roman Catholic neighbors.

Godfrey's name was therefore the one of all others which was best calculated to give an air of respectability to a deposition, and it was before this magistrate that Oates presented himself on the eve of his examination before the Council. Substantially, he asserted that there were two plots: one emanating from Rome, which had for its object the subversion of the Protestant religion, and in furtherance of which a whole hierarchy of officials had been nominated by the pope; and the other, having its headquarters in France, which aimed at the murder of Charles, the overthrow of the government, and the transfer of Ireland to the French king.

On all these points Oates dilated at length on Michaelmas eve before the Council. From six o'clock until ten he poured forth a torrent of accusation against Lords Arundel, Powis, Stafford, Bellasis, Petre, and other peers, as well as against Coleman, the Duchess of York's secretary; Langhorn, a celebrated lawyer; Ireland, Whitehead, and a host of other Jesuits. But the central point of the French plot he declared to be the murder of the king. Conyers and Anderton, two Benedictine monks, and four Irishmen were, he asserted, told off to stab the king at Windsor. In case these emissaries should not be able to effect their purpose, two men, Grove and Pickering, were deputed to shoot him as he walked in St. James's Park; and in the event of circumstances preventing the execution of their design, Sir George Wakeman, the physician to the queen, was to mix poisons in his cup.

Poniards and eighty guineas had been given to the first batch of would-be assassins, with the approval of Coleman, who had personally given a guinea to the messenger who carried the reward to the hirelings. Pistols and silver bullets had been provided for Grove and Pickering, the first of whom was to receive £1,500; and the second, being a religious man, was, at his own request, to be awarded thirty thousand masses, which, at a shilling a mass, came to the same amount. Wakeman was offered £10,000 for his share in the undertaking; but as he objected to that sum as being too small a figure for so great a service, the amount had been increased to £15,000.

On the rising of the Council, Oates was examined personally by the king, who, though disinclined to put full credence in his evidence, was staggered by the circumstantiality of his narrative, and by the multitude of details which he brought forward. On one point the king was able to refute him. Oates had stated that when at Madrid he had been introduced to Don John, who had promised to further the plot.

"What sort of man is Don John?" asked the king.

"A tall, lean man," replied Titus.

"On the contrary," said the king, who knew Don John well, "he is a short, fat man."

"I was only told," replied the redoubtable Titus, "that the gentleman I saw was Don John, and I suppose, therefore, there was some mistake."

This tittle of inaccuracy was not held to be sufficient to invalidate Oates's testimony, and that night warrants were issued against several Jesuits, Coleman among others. So soon as it became known that mischief was intended against them, the Jesuits prepared to escape. Coleman destroyed his papers and went into concealment. But a day later he surrendered himself, and was put under arrest. On his house being carefully searched, a deal box containing letters was found in a receptacle behind the chimney, and some packets of letters were discovered in a drawer under the table. All these letters related to the years '74, '75, and '76, and had probably been overlooked in the general destruction of his correspondence.

Coleman was a clergyman's son, and at an early age had become a pervert to the Church of Rome. Whether his perversion was the result of conviction may well be doubted. At least, on all other occasions he acted with a sole regard to his private

interests. He was an active, busy, able, and arrogant man, always assuming a prominence to which his merits failed to entitle him, and always grasping after money to which he had no possible right. The letters which were found in his house revealed the fact that he had carried on an active correspondence with P. Ferrier, the French king's confessor, and with P. de la Chaise, who succeeded to that office on the death of P. Ferrier. In one and all of these letters he dwelt on the favorable opportunity which then offered for supplanting the Protestant religion by that of the Church of Rome. He enlarged much on the zeal of the Duke of York in this cause, and constantly urged his correspondents to supply him with money for the advancement of the interests of his religion and of the French king. To such good effect did he plead for supplies of French pistoles, that, as he afterwards confessed, he was personally the richer by £2,500, owing to the liberality of the French king. But this sum was but one item in the numerous bribes which he received, and which enabled him to live in luxury.

The tone of the discovered letters was regarded as bearing a treasonable construction, and the following passage was particularly relied upon to prove his reckless designs against the Church of England as by law established: "We are," he wrote, "about a great work, — no less than the conversion of three kingdoms, and the total and utter subversion and subduing of that pestilent heresy (Protestantism) which hath reigned so long in this northern part of the world; and for the doing of which there never was such great hopes since our Queen Mary's days until this time." This probably referred only to the known Catholic tendencies of the king, and the expected succession of James. But his prosecutors thought otherwise, and argued that if this was the tone of letters which through carelessness he had omitted to destroy, what must have been the character of those letters which had been committed to the flames?

Numerous other arrests followed, and the news spread like wildfire through the country that the State was in danger, and that there was a design for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic faith as the State religion. In every county the Protestants were up in arms, and in London the excitement was so great that it was dangerous for any professing Catholics to appear in public. While public feeling was thus deeply aroused, an event

occurred which confirmed the populace in their belief of Oates's revelations. Shortly after it became known that Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey had taken Oates's deposition he received threatening letters, and though he took no precautions against the dangers which these foreshadowed, he was not without apprehensions as to the possible consequence of his action. "I believe," he said to Dr. Burnet, when speaking of these circumstances, "I shall be knocked on the head."

On the Saturday week after Oates had announced his discovery, Godfrey left his home in the morning, and was seen at one o'clock in the neighborhood of St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, but from that hour he was never seen again in public alive. As it was thought possible that he might have been called away into the country, no public notice was taken of his disappearance until the Tuesday following, when his relatives, becoming seriously alarmed, reported the matter to the Council. On consideration, the Council was preparing to issue an order for a house-to-house search, when they were diverted from their purpose by the Duke of Norfolk, who, according to Burnet, informed them that Godfrey had been secretly married, and was keeping out of the way for shame's sake. Men's minds were also then, and later, disturbed by other mysterious coincidences. On the Tuesday, so it was subsequently sworn and attested, Dugdale, Lord Aston's steward, asserted, in a public-house in Staffordshire, that a Westminster justice of the peace had been murdered. And at midday on Thursday an unknown man stated, in a bookseller's shop, that Godfrey's body had been found pierced through with a sword. That evening his body was discovered in a ditch, near St. Pancras Church, thrust through as described. At first it was suggested that he had committed suicide; but this was negated by the fact that his neck was broken, that his chest was much bruised, and that, as the medical evidence showed, the sword had been run through him after death. The idea of a murder having been committed for the sake of robbery was disproved by the discovery that his money was untouched in his pockets. It was further observed that on his clothes were drops of white wax lights, such as were used by "persons of quality" and priests, but such as it was known he never employed.

In the excited state of the public mind this outrage inflamed the passion of the people to an extent which caused apprehensions lest there should be a rising

against the Roman Catholics in London—a danger which was shortly afterwards increased by the news that a man named Bedlow had made a deposition before the magistrates at Bristol to the effect that Godfrey had been murdered by Roman Catholics in revenge for his having taken Oates's evidence. Bedlow's testimony was confirmed on oath by Prance, who was drawn into the case by a strange coincidence. By trade he was a goldsmith, and was employed in making religious emblems for the queen's chapel. On some rumors of treasonable conduct he was arrested, and was being borne to Westminster when he was recognized by Bedlow, who happened to be passing at the time, as one of those who had been concerned in Godfrey's murder. On being interrogated Prance at first denied all knowledge of the crime, but subsequently asserted that two priests had engaged him and these others to commit the crime. With the minutest detail he stated that Godfrey had been decoyed to the back of Somerset House and there strangled; that his body had been first taken into a room in Somerset House, and subsequently had been carried to the place where it was found. This evidence was to a degree supported by the testimony of the people of a public-house where the conspirators were said to have met, and by the sentry at Somerset House, who saw the sedan-chair, destined, as it was stated, to carry out the body of the murdered justice, borne into the building; but he denied having seen it carried out. The three men accused of the actual murder were tried in the following February, and were all hanged. To the last they protested their innocence, and died with either a lie on their lips or a sentence of judicial murder against the authorities.

But to return to the subject of the main plot. On the 27th of November, 1678, Coleman was arraigned for high treason before Sir William Scroggs, the chief justice. This judge was not the possessor of a very enviable reputation. In private life he was depraved and dissolute, and as a judge he was noted rather for his readiness in speaking than for his knowledge of law. From the first he took a strong line against the prisoner, and gave credit to the testimony against him with a readiness which unquestionably suggests bias. At the same time, against Coleman there was evidence of what, it was contested, amounted to treason in the letters which had been found in his house. The authen-

ticity of these letters he frankly admitted, but added, "I deny the conclusion; but the premisses are too strong and artificial."

"You cannot deny the premisses that you have done these things; but you deny the conclusion that you are a traitor," remarked Scroggs.

"I can, safely and honestly," answered Coleman.

"You would make a better secretary of state than a logician," replied the judge, "for they never deny the conclusion."

In all other matters connected with the plot Oates and Bedlow were the principal witnesses, and not having any direct evidence with which to refute their testimony, Coleman was compelled to rely on finding discrepancies in their narratives. Oates, when first confronted with Coleman before the Council, had failed to recognize him, and as, at the trial, he owned that he had been in his company on several occasions previously, this disagreement was urged against him. With considerable readiness he affirmed that the examination before the Council was held late in the evening, when he was tired out with his exertions in arresting prisoners, and that the light in the room was very dim. He failed for these reasons, so he said, to recognize Coleman on the instant, but that directly he heard his voice he was ready to swear to him. Unfortunately for Oates, it was shown that Coleman had given his evidence before Oates was asked whether he recognized him, and in this dilemma Titus took refuge again in the fatigue which had benumbed his senses.

One witness testified in a general way that Coleman had been in Warwickshire the greater part of August, and that he could not therefore have been at the meeting at the Savoy when the £80 were paid for the murder of the king. But this evidence was not esteemed of much value, and Coleman did not generally display either tact or ability in his defence. He was wordy and involved in his speech, and almost justified Scroggs's remark: "What kind of way and talking is this? You have such a swimming way of melting words, that it is a troublesome thing for a man to collect matter out of them." Finally, the jury unanimously found him guilty of treason, and he received sentence of death. "You shall return to prison," said Scroggs, "from thence to be drawn to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck, and be cut down alive, your bowels burnt before your face, and your quarters severed, and your body disposed of as the king thinks fit; and so

the Lord have mercy upon your soul." On the 3d of December this barbarous sentence was carried out. To the last Coleman protested his innocence with regard to any treasonable design. But the effect of this denial was weakened by the fact that up to the last moment he expected a pardon. "There is no faith in man," were his last words, when, as the executioner adjusted the rope, he recognized that all hope was vain. With Coleman's condemnation and execution followed, as a matter of course, the condemnation of those others who were charged with similar offences. The nature of the evidence was in all cases alike, and the principal witnesses were the same. In nearly every instance the first witness examined was Oates, whose misshapen figure and strange features appeared to the accused as a *memento mori*. Short in stature, with a "bull" neck, an awkward gait, a strangely long chin—so long, indeed, that his mouth was said to be in the middle of his face—a cast in his eyes, and a large wart on his eyebrow, he presented at all times a revolting appearance. But when inflated by pride and puffed up with the royal approval, which found expression in a pension of £900 a year, he assumed the airs of a grandee and the dress of a bishop, there were few who could look upon him without disgust. After Coleman's execution, he adopted the manner of a "saviour of the nation;" and when called upon, on December 17th, to witness against Ireland, Pickering, and Grove, he bustled into court with all the assurance of a man who held the fate of the prisoners in the hollow of his hand. And so, to all intents, he did. It was mainly on the accusations levelled by him that the verdict of guilty was given against all three.

But in these cases the degrees of guilt were not quite the same. Ireland, who was an educated man and a gentleman, was charged by Oates with having attended a "consult" of Jesuits at the White Horse Tavern, in the Strand, at which the murder of the king was planned, and the amount of the rewards to be given to the assassins was arranged. This was the head and front of his offence; but coupled with it was his participation in the plot for the subversion of the Protestant faith and the overthrow of the government. The main point of Oates's evidence, and that of Bedlow who supported him, was the treason hatched at the consult. If Oates's testimony on this point were true, the guilt of the prisoners was unquestionably established. On this

subject he swore that he attended at the consult, having come over from St. Omer for the purpose; that Ireland was present; that when the plot had been arranged by which Pickering and Grove were "drawn down" to murder the king, the conspirators separated, forming themselves into small clubs; and that he had carried the paper containing the resolutions arrived at to each conspirator for his signature, and to Ireland among the rest.

He also swore that Pickering and Grove undertook to murder the king; and he added that they had made several attempts to execute their design. Several times they had lain in wait for their victim in St. James's Park; and on one occasion they would probably have effected their purpose had not the flint of Pickering's pistol been loose—for which piece of carelessness Pickering, being, it will be remembered, a religious man, had undergone a penance of twenty or thirty strokes.

This evidence was met by the prisoners with the assertion that Oates was at the College of St. Omer during the whole of April, and therefore could not have been at the White Horse Tavern on the day he mentioned. But they brought no witnesses in support of their contention. In supplementing Oates's evidence, Bedlow swore that Ireland was present at a consult at the end of August, in the rooms of William Harcourt, a Jesuit, when the murder of the king was again discussed. To this Ireland answered that he was absent from London from the 3d of August to the middle of September. On this point he called as witnesses his mother and sister, who testified that he left London on the 3d of August, and returned a fortnight before Michaelmas; a servant, who witnessed that he saw Ireland at St. Albans on the 5th of August; and a Mr. Giffard, who said that he was constantly in Ireland's company at Wolverhampton during the last part of August and the beginning of September. In refutation of this evidence, a servant-maid, who had at one time been in the service of Grove, was called, who swore that she had seen Ireland at the door of his house in Fetter Lane on either the 12th or 13th of August. Grove and Pickering had nothing to say for themselves except to deny point-blank all the testimony against them, and to cast doubt on the evidence of the witnesses.

In these circumstances it is almost needless to say that the chief justice summed up strongly against the prisoners, and that the jury—which was composed, not of uneducated, ignorant men, but

mainly of baronets, knights, and esquires—found them guilty. Jeffreys, who was then recorder, passed sentence of death upon them at the close of an edifying harangue, in which he said, "Whatever you may apprehend, yet all men that will lay their hopes of salvation upon anything that is fit for a man to lay his hopes upon, which is upon the merits of a crucified Saviour, and not upon your masses, tricks, and trumperies, do abhor the thought of promoting their religion by massacring kings and murdering their subjects." He assured them that they had been "fairly heard," and "fairly tried and convicted," and concluded by describing in detail the process of their execution, which was the same as that in the case of Coleman, with the addition of some further shocking indignities. All three men died protesting their innocence; but their protestations were popularly met in the spirit of the remark of the chief justice, who, when Pickering said at the trial, "I will take my oath I was never in Mr. Bedlow's company in all my life," rejoined, "I make no question but you will; and have a dispensation for it when you have done." A further doubt was also subsequently thrown on Ireland's evidence by a Mr. Jennison, a Roman Catholic, who came forward on reading the report of the trial and execution to testify that he had seen Ireland in London on the 19th of August. The fact that Ireland had died with this lie on his lips so shook Jennison's faith in their common religion, that he abjured, and became a Protestant.

Almost immediately after this, circumstances came to light which still further served to discredit the evidence of the conspirators. Reading, a lawyer of "some subtilty but of no virtue," was employed by "the five Popish lords" in the Tower to prepare their defence. This man insinuated himself into the confidence of Bedlow, lent him money, of which he was always sorely in need, and at length proposed to him that he should so far modify his evidence as to leave the accused a loophole by which to escape. If he would consent to do this, Reading promised him, on behalf of Lord Stafford, a present of two or three hundred pounds. The other lords, he said, had refused to have anything to do with the matter. But Bedlow, possibly through honesty, or possibly foreseeing the value to him of the card the other had put into his hand, communicated the proposal to both Prince Rupert and the Earl of Essex, while at the same time he kept up negotiations with Reading.

On a given day he arranged that the emissary should come to his chambers further to discuss the matter, and at the time appointed he concealed two witnesses in an adjoining cupboard. In the hearing of these men he drew from Reading a full statement of his suggestion, and holding in his hands the paper which embodied the terms, and which Reading had brought for his signature, he summoned the listeners. With such evidence against him, Reading could do nothing but submit, and a lengthened exposure in the pillory was the penalty he paid for his indiscretion.

It was under the weight of the additional prejudice begotten by this circumstance that the five Jesuits — Whitebread, Harcourt, Fenwick, Gavan, and Turner — were put upon their trial (June 13, 1679). Scroggs again presided on the bench, and Jeffreys appeared as recorder. Other reasons besides Reading's felonious attempt, combined to animate the popular feeling against the prisoners. They were all Jesuits, Whitebread being the provincial of the order, the witnesses which supported them were all Jesuits, and certain documents found amongst their papers were, when read under the existing impressions, most damaging to them. But while admitting these facts, it is impossible to read without a shudder of the acclamation which filled the court at the taunts of Scroggs, or without horror of the shouts of applause which greeted the barbarous sentence pronounced by Jeffreys upon them.

The evidence against White, *alias* Whitebread, Harcourt, Fenwick, and Turner, mainly turned on their presence at the consult said to have been held on April 24th. Oates, as usual, was the first witness, and swore to having been present at the meeting. To prove the fact of the consult, the crown produced a letter found among William Harcourt's papers, apparently addressed to him by Edward Petre, in which the writer said:—

I am to give you notice that it have seemed fitting to our master Consult, Prov., etc., to fix the 21st April next, *stilo veteri*, for the meeting at London of our congregation; on which day all those that have a suffrage are to be present there, that they may be ready to give a beginning to the same on the 24th. . . . Every one is reminded also not to hasten to London long before the time appointed, nor to appear much about the town, till the meeting be over, lest occasion should be given to suspect the design. Finally, secrecy as to the time and place is much recommended, . . . as it will appear of its own nature necessary.

Of this letter the crown made full use. Why, asked Scroggs, should such secrecy be demanded, if the object of the consult had not been treasonable? and what was the design which it was so necessary to prevent even a suspicion arising about? William Harcourt explained that the "design" of the consult was to choose a procurator to proceed to Rome. But this explanation was scouted as insufficient, and another letter was also put in which was considered to be equally damaging. It was signed Christopher Anderton, and was dated Hilton, February 5th, 1674. Hilton, as Oates explained and Harcourt admitted, meant Rome. In course of the letter Anderton wrote, "When I writ that the patents were sent, altho' I guess for whom they were, yet I know not for certain, because our patrons do not use to discover things or resolutions till they know they have effect. And therefore in these kind of matters I dare not be too hasty, lest some might say, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'"

The patents referred to were interpreted by the crown to mean the commissions which Oates had sworn had been conferred by the pope on the officials who were to take over the administration of the country on the suppression of Protestantism. White, on the contrary, explained that the word meant the *literæ patentes*, appointing him provincial. But as the date of Anderton's letter was three weeks subsequent to his appointment as provincial, little credit was given to this explanation.

But the principal evidence adduced in refutation of the incriminating testimony was that of sixteen young men from the Jesuit College of St. Omer, all of whom stated with the greatest positiveness that Oates was at St. Omer during the whole of April and May; and they further asserted that two of those with whom Oates swore he had come over to England had, during the whole of the same months, been resident in Flanders. In reply to this part of the prisoner's case, Oates called a former master of his at the Merchant Taylors' School, a Dominican friar, and two or three servants, who all swore that they had seen him and conversed with him in the month of April. Dugdale, Bedlow, and others were called to give evidence on other points, among which were matters incriminating Gavan in the conspiracy to murder the king. When called upon to speak in their own defence, the prisoners all declared in the most solemn way that they were innocent of the crimes laid to their charge. But

these declarations availed them no more than did the evidence of the students from St. Omer, and without hesitation the jury found them guilty. On the announcement of the verdict, Jeffreys addressed the jury in a short speech, in which he said: "But upon a long evidence, a full discussing the objections made against it, and a patient hearing of the defence they (the prisoners) made, they are found guilty. And I do think that every honest man will say that they are unexceptionally found so, and that 'tis a just verdict you have given."

Probably with the grim intention of saving time, the sentence on the prisoners was reserved until the conclusion of Langhorn's trial on the following day. The principal charges against Langhorn were that he had received and distributed the commissions from the pope, among which was one constituting him advocate-general, and that he had consented to the murder of the king. Practically the same evidence was adduced as at the former trial, with the addition of the testimony of Oates that he had seen and read the commissions in Langhorn's chambers. As a certain confirmation of this evidence, Dr. Burnet states in the "History of his Own Time" that Langhorn's wife, who was a Protestant, told Dr. Tillotson, before Oates had even mentioned the commission, that her son, who was "a hot, indiscreet Papist," had said that "their designs (*i.e.*, of the Roman Catholics) were so well laid, it was impossible they could miscarry; and that his father would be one of the greatest men of England, for he had seen a commission from the pope constituting him advocate-general." Whatever may have been the true weight of the evidence for the crown, it must be confessed that the prisoner's defence was very weak; and the jury, following the direction of the judge, found no difficulty in returning a verdict of guilty. Jeffreys, as usual, passed sentence on the prisoner, with those who had been tried on the preceding day, and, especially addressing Langhorn, he said:

Your several crimes have been so fully proved against you, that truly, I think no person that stands by can be of any doubt of the guilt. Nor is there the least room for the most scrupulous man to doubt of the credibility of the witnesses that have been examined against you. And sure I am, you have been fully heard, and stand fairly convicted of those crimes you have been indicted for.

The five Jesuits, who were executed on June 20th, and Langhorn, who suffered death on July 14th, all died vainly protesting their innocence. On the scaffold,

Fenwick emphasized his denial of all knowledge of Godfrey's murder by adding, "Now that I am a dying man, do you think I could go and damn my soul?" "I wish you all the good I can," answered the sheriff; "but I assure you I believe never a word you say."

But though, under the influence of Scroggs's taunts and Jeffreys' rhetoric, people were found to shout for joy on the condemnation of men to suffer a cruel and barbarous death, the nation at large had "supp'd full with horrors," and so many had walked "the way to dusty death," that the public conscience felt that justice should now be satisfied. One illustrious head was to be laid on the block, but not yet; and the next men who were called upon to stand at the bar to defend themselves against Oates, Dugdale, and Bedlow, were Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, and three Benedictine monks (July, 1679). So confident had the accusers become by the faith in which their evidence had been received, that they had not hesitated to accuse the queen of participation in the plot; and the trial of Wakeman was popularly regarded as the test of the queen's innocence or guilt. So far as the principal *dramatis personæ* were concerned, this was but a repetition of the previous trials. Scroggs still presided on the bench, Jeffreys was the recorder, and Oates, Dugdale, and Bedlow stood ready to do their best to swear away the lives of the prisoners. But a marked change appeared in the nature of the evidence. For the most part it was mere hearsay, and the attempts made to prove the direct complicity of the prisoners were exceedingly lame. Oates, who at the earlier stages of his revelations had declared that he knew little against Wakeman, now swore that he had seen a letter signed by the prisoner, in which he said that "the queen would assist him to kill the king." The testimony of the other accusers was open to the charge of equal inconsistencies and of equal improbabilities, and though Scroggs passed some remarks on the defence of one of the monks, which read almost like the rhetoric of Jeffreys, he summed up generally in a manner favorable to the prisoners. The jury, who evidently shared his view of the evidence placed before them, after an hour's deliberation returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

The result of this trial was at first received with much popular approval; but an incident occurred in connection with it which did much to shake the faith of the people in the just conduct of the case, and

to suggest that court influence had been brought to bear to gain the acquittal of the prisoners. By a curious piece of maladroitness, the Portuguese ambassador went on behalf of the queen to Scroggs to thank him for his behavior at the trial. No action could have been worse conceived, and it gave the witnesses some ground for asserting that their evidence had been rejected, not on its merits, but at the bidding of the queen. This was the last case in which Bedlow was destined to appear. He returned to Bristol shortly after the acquittal, and was there seized with an attack of small-pox, which terminated fatally while Chief-Justice North was conducting the assizes in the town. At the approach of death Bedlow sent for North, and in the most solemn and formal way swore on oath that all the evidence he had given at the several trials, with the exception of that which reflected on the queen and the Duke of York, was absolutely true, and that in fact he had not pressed so heavily on the accused as he might have done. This affirmation was carefully taken down at the time, and was incorporated by North into a report to Parliament. The fact that Bedlow was a Protestant procured for his dying declaration an amount of credit which all the protestations of the Roman Catholics on the scaffold failed to secure. The remarks of the judges at the trials testify how completely the Catholics had forfeited the confidence of Englishmen in their words, by the actions of Garnett and others, and by the utterances of some of the popes and high dignitaries of the Church:—

If you had a religion that deserved the name of a religion [said Scroggs, addressing one of the prisoners at Wakeman's trial] if you were not made up of equivocation and lying, if you had not indulgences and dispensations for it, if to kill kings might not be meritorious, if this were not printed and owned, if your Popes and all your great men had not avowed this, you had said something; but if you can have absolutions either for money or because you have advanced the Catholic cause, as you call it, and can be made saints as Coleman is supposed to be, there is an end of all your arguments.

This fairly represents the popular estimation in which the word of a Roman Catholic was regarded. Not only in the streets and the coffee-houses, but among high officers of the State and ministers of religion, the unsupported oath of a Catholic was considered a trifle light as air. In a sermon preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the anniversary of the Gun-

powder Plot, Stillingfleet said, speaking of Garnett:—

When the Lords asked him whether he had any conference with Hale, he denied it upon his soul, and reiterated it with such horrible execrations as wounded their hearts that heard him, and immediately upon Hale's confessing it, he excused himself by the benefit of equivocation, which being objected against Garnett after his execution, the Roman Jesuit Eudæmon Johannes defends him in it, and saith it is lawful for a man to swear and take the sacrament upon it, when he knows in his conscience what he saith to be absolutely false, if he doth but help himself by a mental reservation. And Tresham, a little before his death in the Tower, subscribed it with his own hand, that he had not seen Garnett in sixteen years before, when it was evidently proved, and Garnett confessed they had been together but the summer before; and all that Garnett had to say for him was, that he supposed he meant to equivocate.

When such evidence of the fatal untruthfulness which was countenanced by Roman Catholic theologians was constantly being insisted on by such men as Stillingfleet, it need not surprise us to find juries and mobs treating the solemn asseverations of Catholics as idle words.

One more life was destined to be sacrificed to this unfortunate tampering with falsehood. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament in 1680, the Lords determined to put on their trial "the five Popish lords," Stafford, Arundel, Powis, Bellasis, and Petre, who had been confined in the Tower on the charge of complicity in the plot. The *prima facie* evidence against these noblemen was not equally incriminating. The only testimony against Arundel, Powis, Bellasis, and Petre was that of Oates; and recent events, more especially Wakeman's trial, had tended to throw considerable discredit on the word of that informer. Against Stafford, however, there was a stronger case. Not only was Oates ready to swear that Stafford had received from the pope a commission as paymaster-general to the army, but Dugdale was at hand to testify that he had offered him £500 to kill the king; and Turberville was prepared to state on oath that he had made overtures to him on the same treasonable business. It was therefore determined to put Stafford upon his trial first.

With all the pomp and ceremony common to the trial of a nobleman by his peers, the lords assembled in Westminster Hall on the 30th November, 1680. Eighty peers formed the august tribunal. The Earl of Nottingham was the lord high

steward, and among the triers were not a few relations of the prisoner. In such an assembly there could be no tampering with justice, and the peers, jealous of their privileges, have always shown a disposition to secure the most perfect freedom of opinion on such occasions. Stafford was safe, therefore, from both the time-serving spirit of Scroggs, and the cruel vindictiveness of Jeffreys. Sir William Jones conducted the prosecution with great ability. He first called testimony to prove the existence of a plot, and then, having established this on a basis which it was difficult to upset, he called Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville to prove Stafford's complicity in it. Not much reliance was placed by the prosecution on Oates's evidence. His star had passed its apogee, and was fast sinking into that blackness of darkness which was so soon to follow. But Dugdale had been Lord Aston's steward, and though the defence tried to throw discredit on his character, it was proved that he was a man who was held in consideration in the country-side. He detailed the circumstances of the interview at which Stafford made the proposal to him, and stated that he had had several conversations with the prisoner at Tixhall, Lord Aston's house in Staffordshire. Turberville swore that he had met Stafford in Paris, and that Stafford had there invited him to join in a conspiracy against the king.

Stafford showed little ability in conducting his defence. To the evidence tending to show the existence of a plot, he said little or nothing; and in his cross-examination of Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville, he displayed neither quickness nor discretion. He carped at small points in the evidence, allowing more important matters to go almost unchallenged; and his positive assertion that he had only once been in Dugdale's company alone, was refuted by several witnesses whose good faith was not disputed. After a patient hearing, which extended over five days, the lords proceeded to record their votes, "Guilty" or "Not guilty." When the numbers were counted, fifty-five peers found the prisoner guilty, and thirty-one were for acquitting him. The Earl of Nottingham then pronounced judgment, in a speech which Burnet describes as one of the best speeches he ever made. "But," adds the historian, "he committed one great indecency in it; for he said, Who can doubt any longer that London was burned by the Papists?" Death was the sentence; but while awaiting his exe-

cution, he made an attempt to procure a pardon. He told Burnet, who visited him in the Tower—

he could discover nothing with relation to the King's life, protesting that there was not so much as an intimation about it that had even past among them. But he added that he could discover many other things that were more material than anything that was yet known, and for which the Duke would never forgive him. And of these, if that might save his life, he would make a full discovery.

Upon this he was called before the House of Lords; but as his main accusation appeared to be intended to blast Lord Shaftesbury's political reputation, he was ordered back to the Tower, from which, on 29th December, he was carried to Tower Hill, where he suffered death. On the scaffold he showed great firmness and composure; and denied most positively all that had been charged against him.

This execution made a deep impression on the country. The opinion of the important minority who had voted for his acquittal was shared in by a large section of the community, and when in the next reign it became a matter of common belief that Oates and the other witnesses had been guilty of perjury, efforts were made to annul the attainder. Circumstances, however, made it necessary to postpone this act, and it was not until the reign of George IV. that the stain was wiped off the escutcheon of Stafford, and that the family was restored to its ancient dignities. But this change of popular feeling, which synchronized with the gathering strength of the Duke of York's party at court, though ineffectual to rehabilitate the family of the luckless Lord Stafford, was sufficiently strong to secure the acquittal of the four "Popish lords" who had shared Stafford's imprisonment, and to lend countenance to the first step in the prosecutions which were to overtake Titus Oates.

It was beyond question that Oates had on divers occasions, and, as he said, with good cause, expressed his opinion that the Duke of York was a traitor. As the tide was running fast in favor of the Roman Catholics, and as Jeffreys had assumed the judge's ermine, the duke determined to proceed against Titus for libel, under the statute *de Scandalis Magnatum*, and to lay the damages at £100,000. From some unexplained cause, probably because he had no defence, Oates did not appear to answer to the charge. The prosecution and Jeffreys had therefore the matter in their own hands. Witness after witness

appeared to testify to the use of the words complained of, and Jeffreys interposed remarks on the conduct and character of Oates which contrasted strangely with his demeanor towards him when, as recorder, he had served on the trial of Coleman, Langhorn, and others. The jury caught the spirit of the judge, and when Jeffreys had summed up in his usual terse and vigorous English against the defendant, they found no difficulty in giving the plaintiff the full damages claimed. But because Oates had nothing to pay, he was thrown into prison, where it was intended he should remain during the remainder of his life, or until the time should arrive when his further prosecution would be likely to meet with success.

This time soon came. The year 1685 saw the Duke of York on the throne, and Jeffreys raised to the peerage and to a seat in the Cabinet. The new reign had begun under the brightest auspices. The liberal professions of the new king had set the nation in a blaze of loyalty, and few were found to mar the general harmony by watching too closely the words and actions of the co-religionists of the king. The time was therefore level with the wishes of James; and as soon as was possible the prosecutions of Oates for perjury were ordered. The charges were divided into two heads. First, that he had falsely sworn that a consult of Jesuits was held at the White Horse Tavern on April 24, 1678, at which the murder of the king was determined on; and secondly, that he had falsely sworn that Ireland was in London between the 8th and 12th of August in the same year. Jeffreys was appointed to try the indictment, with Justices Withins and Holloway to assist him. The result of the recent libel case had shown how little mercy Titus had to expect from his savage judge; and the sheriff, who was a strong Tory, took care that the jury should be as nearly in harmony with Jeffreys as it was possible for ordinary men to be with so extraordinary a minister of justice.

For the crown a cloud of witnesses appeared from St. Omer, who swore, as they had sworn before, that Oates was at St. Omer during the whole of April, when he had stated on oath that he was in London. To refute this testimony, the prisoner produced the witnesses who had appeared at the former trial, or, at least, so many of them as dared to face the violence of the officers of the court and the brutality of Jeffreys. He further appealed to the credence his former evidence had always re-

ceived. But on all points he was cut short by Jeffreys, who raved at him and bullied him and his witnesses in a manner which reads like a travesty of judicial procedure.

"Ay, Mr. Oates," he shouted, "we know there was a time when there were ignoramus juries, and things were believed and not believed as the humor went. What can you, Mr. Oates, say to it [the evidence]? I must tell you *prima facie*, it is so strong an evidence, that if you have any sense in the world you must be concerned at it."

Oates. "Not at all, my lord; I know who they are, and what is the end of it all."

Jeffreys. "Upon my faith, I have so much charity for you, as my fellow-creature, as to be concerned for you."

O. "It is not two straws' matter whether you be or no; I know my own innocency."

J. "Thou art the most obstinately hardened wretch that ever I saw."

When such amenities were being exchanged between the bench and the dock, it would, under any circumstances, have been difficult for the jury to preserve an even mind; but Jeffreys well knew that the verdict was secure, and in his summing up he felt at liberty to indulge in language such as has seldom been heard from an English judge.

Nay [he said, speaking of the faith formerly put in Oates's evidence] it was come to that degree of folly, to give it no worse name, than in public societies, to the reproach and infamy of them be it spoken, this profligate villain was caressed, was drunk to, and saluted by the name of the Saviour of the Nation. O prodigious madness! that such a title as that was, should ever be given to such a prostitute monster of impiety as this.

But not content with railing at the living, he broke forth against Bedlow, who had been dead and buried some years.

I cannot but lament likewise [he said] the wickedness of our age, when I reflect upon the testimony of that other wretch, . . . that when he was going into another world should persist in such gross falsities; I mean Bedlow, infamous Bedlow—and let his name be forever infamous to all mankind that have any regard or deference for the truth; that he should with his latest breath dare to affirm that every word he had said of the Popish plot was true; when it is as clear as the sun, by the testimony of this day, that every word he swore about Ireland was utterly false. Good God of heaven! what an age have we lived in, to see innocence suffer punishment, and impudent falsity reign so long!

This was the same man who, as recorder at the former trials, had declared that the evidence of Oates and his friends was unshaken, and who, at the trial of

Richard Baxter, declared that he and Oates were "the two greatest rogues in the kingdom"! But his violence served its purpose. The king was gratified, and the jury was safely guided to a verdict of "Guilty" on both counts. Withins pronounced the sentence, which ran—that Oates was to pay a fine of two thousand marks; that he was to be stripped of his canonical habit; that he was to stand in the pillory for an hour before Westminster Hall, with a paper over his head declaring his crime; that he was to stand in the pillory for an hour at the Royal Exchange bearing the same inscription; that upon the following Wednesday he was to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and upon the Friday he was to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; that on the 24th of April of each year, so long as he lived, he was to stand in the pillory for an hour at Tyburn, opposite the gallows; and that on every 9th, 10th, and 11th of August and 2d of September he was to stand in the same way respectively at Westminster Hall gate, Charing Cross, the Temple gate, and the Royal Exchange. This was doubtless intended to be a sentence of death, and it would unquestionably have proved so to any man possessing less animal vigor and strength than Oates. Savage as the penalties were, they were inflicted with equal savagery. With merciless cruelty the hangman laid on the lashes as the wretched man was dragged from Aldgate to Newgate. At first the prisoner bore his agonies in silence; but at length his stubborn endurance gave way, and he shrieked aloud until he passed into unconsciousness. So frightful had been the scene of this first punishment that the king was implored to remit the second flogging. But James was inexorable. "He shall go through with it," he said, "if he has breath in his body." On the Friday, therefore, he was drawn on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and seventeen hundred lashes were again laid on his scored and wounded back. The wretched man appeared to be, and doubtless was, unconscious the whole time, and was eventually carried back to prison to die, as most people thought.

But Oates's vitality was proof against even such tortures as these, and in his gloomy cell at Newgate he recovered from his punishments with a rapidity and completeness which gave his friends occasion to proclaim the interposition of a miracle. For four years he endured this solitary confinement, varied only by his appear-

ances in the pillory, as ordered by his judges. But with the Revolution came also a return to temperance and judgment; and so indefensible had been the punishment inflicted on Oates, that in 1689, Justice Dolben brought into the House of Lords writs of errors affecting the charges brought against Oates of perjury and libel. After considerable debate, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal reversed the judgment in the case of libel brought by the Duke of York, but affirmed the decisions in the cases of perjury. In consideration, however, of the extreme severity of the punishment already inflicted on the prisoner, they petitioned the king to grant him a pardon. This was graciously accorded, and a few days afterwards the House of Commons came to a resolution, "That the prosecution of Titus Oates, upon two indictments for perjury, in the Court of King's Bench, was a design to stifle the Popish Plot, and that the verdicts given thereupon were corrupt; and the judgments given thereupon were cruel and illegal."

A bill to this effect was sent up from the Commons to the Lords, and was read for a first time. But the Lords, mindful of their former votes, desired to introduce certain amendments, to which the Commons would not agree, and the bill was lost. The king, however, felt that the resolution of the Commons left him at liberty to exercise his own discretion in his conduct towards Oates, and in virtue of it he awarded him a pension of £260 per annum.

After the recovery of his freedom, Oates, finding that Churchmen held aloof from him, desired to join himself to the Baptist communion, and addressed many unctuously worded letters to the leaders of that sect, which may have been dictated by religious conviction, but which certainly lack the air of perfect sincerity. He was, however, admitted into their body. But his fellowship with them was of short duration, for, before long, circumstances arose which led to his retirement from among them, and from that time until his death he remained in obscurity. He died in 1705, at a good old age, and in receipt of his pension, if not in the odor of sanctity.

On reviewing the whole train of circumstances connected with the Popish Plot, it is impossible to doubt that the main charges brought by Oates and his confederates were pure fabrications.

But [as Lord Somers says in his Tracts] fortunately for the contrivers of these fig-

ments, the general scope of their evidence coincided with the busy and bustling intrigues by which Catholic priests are almost always endeavoring to extend the pale of their Church. The religion, or rather bigotry, of the Duke of York, had already countenanced those measures in favor of the Catholics which he afterwards persevered in, to the loss of his crown and the ruin of his family. And thus it was, generally speaking, true that a plot was in agitation against the Reformed Church, although the extravagant circumstances in the following abridgement [of the plot] were the devices of perjured informers, who wished to raise themselves into wealth and importance by feeding the epidemic terror of the nation with a thousand inconsistent surmises of horror and treason.

It is only necessary to glance through collections of the pamphlets of the time to see how deep and widely spread this epidemic terror was. From the highest to the lowest, the nation was infected by it; and while ignorant men railed against "the Papists," scholars and divines exhausted their eloquence in holding up Roman Catholicism to reprobation, and in proclaiming that even the oaths of its followers were unworthy of credit. With a bold cunning, Oates, taking advantage of this religious frenzy, raised a fabulous superstructure of treasonable designs on the basis of the inconsiderate utterances of religious enthusiasts. A notable instance of this manufacture of treason is furnished by the charges he made in relation to the celebrated consult of Jesuits on the 24th of April. He had doubtless heard the consult spoken of, and had become acquainted with the date on which it was held; but he was completely ignorant of the objects of the meeting, as well as of the place of assembly. As a matter of fact, the consult took place at St. James's, as James II. subsequently told Sir John Reresby. "There had been," said his Majesty, "a meeting of the Jesuits that day (April 24th). . . . But it was well Dr. Oates knew no better where it was to be; for they met at St. James's, where I then lived, which if Oates had but known, he would have cut out a fine spot of work for me."

In the very qualified sense prescribed by Lord Somers, it may then be assumed that there was something which may be called a plot; and it is beyond question that a consult of Jesuits was held on the day mentioned by Oates. But neither at the time nor since has there been produced any genuine evidence to connect these transactions with treason. The only testimony in this direction is that of Oates

and his accomplices. History has pronounced with sufficient plainness on these men; but it must ever be a matter for wonder and surprise that the nation could have become so blinded by prejudice as to give a moment's credence to their monstrous inventions.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

No royal house in Europe can equal the illustrious race of the Hapsburgs in the grandeur and romance of its historic past, the sad mystery of its present, and the vast possibilities of its future. No realm in Europe can vie in interest with the strangely compacted mosaic of nationalities which forms the heritage of that ancient dynasty. The Hapsburgs, who in the time of our Tudor kings ruled not only Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, but central Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and the Indies, have since then encountered a long series of disasters with noble fortitude; they have learned wisdom in the bitter school of misfortune, and to-day they hold a firmer place than ever in the affections of the heterogeneous multitudes that own their sway. The tragedy at Meyerling has given rise to a display of grief both touching and real among all the races and peoples of the polyglot empire. In Pesth and throughout Hungary, a hush fell upon a scene of strife which had almost assumed the character of a revolution. In Vienna the demeanor of the many-tongued crowd which flocked from all parts of the empire to witness the obsequies was as though each member of it had lost a dearly loved friend or brother. There was everything in the last sad ceremonial that can kindle the historic imagination or touch the springs of human sympathy; the strange mixture of simplicity and magnificence, recalling alike the greatness and the antiquity of the Hapsburgs, the silence in the gay season of the Carnival, the visible grief and distress of an usually light-hearted population, even the abandonment of etiquette, when at the last moment the desolate father descended into the vaults of the Capuchins, and knelt by the coffin of his only son. "Would that I could have died for thee," exclaimed M. Jokai, the Hungarian poet; and there were few who could not breathe the same wish over the tomb of the gifted young prince, with whom the

brightest hopes of a vast empire have sunk into the grave.

A year has now past, and yet it seems but yesterday that I saw the archduke Rudolph on social occasions in Vienna and Buda-Pesth, his well-proportioned figure shown to advantage by his handsome dark-blue uniform, and his bright intellectual face lighted up with the fire of animation as he spoke to his friends with the eager impassioned utterance of one whose thoughts are too many for words. He was one of those who speak, not for the sake of saying something, but because they have something to say; and his flow of ideas seemed almost too rapid for his power of expression, although this was considerable. There were traces of a slight restlessness in his manner, such as one sometimes notices in the case of those whose brain has been overtaken, or who have attempted to burn the lamp of life too brightly; and there can be no doubt that the strain of his multifarious tastes, interests, and duties was too much for his highly strung nervous temperament, with its dash of melancholia derived from his Wittelsbach blood. He was a good soldier, but his tastes were mainly directed to science, art, literature, and especially natural history. Like Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, he was particularly devoted to ornithology. A traveller for the love of knowledge and information, an orator of no mean power, an excellent linguist, speaking all the languages and many of the dialects of the polyglot empire of his house, he had also sought distinction as an author; and together with many eminent Austrian and Hungarian men of letters he labored at the production of the monumental work "Oesterreich-Ungarn in Wort und Bild," for which he both wrote and sketched, in addition to reading and revising all the proof-sheets. A mind so well informed, and with such catholic tastes, could not fail to develop itself in the direction of broad liberality of thought, philanthropy, and a desire for the peaceful improvement of mankind; and it was this progressive tendency which attracted the archduke Rudolph so strongly to the late emperor Frederick, just as it estranged him from the reactionary soldier who now fills the throne of Germany. This estrangement can hardly have been lessened by a conversation which is stated on good authority to have taken place between them within the last year. "I mean," said the German emperor, "to follow the programme of Frederick the Great." "That programme," replied the

descendant of Maria Theresa, "implies the destruction of Austria."

The last time I saw the crown-prince was at Abbazia, whither he used to come to visit the crown-princess, who spent some months of last spring in that sunny corner of the Adriatic. The *Kronprinzpaar* would sometimes come to *déjeuner* in the restaurant of the hotel, seating themselves at one of the ordinary tables with Count Bombelles, the master of their household. The fact that the august guests were never stared at or mobbed speaks much for Austrian good-breeding. The crown-princess would sometimes sit in the public garden listening to the band, and apparently attracting no more attention than an ordinary visitor; and I have often seen her walking alone in the woods or on the roads, the Istrian peasants lifting their hats as they passed by, and apparently feeling no temptation to stare at the imperial lady. How greatly the empress of Austria must have felt the contrast between English and Austrian manners when during her stay at Cromer she found herself compelled to bathe before sunrise in order to escape the molestations of our countrymen! There was, of course, much conversation at Abbazia and elsewhere with regard to the private affairs of the crown-prince, but of this I shall not repeat one word, lest I should throw carrion to the ghouls who batten on the failings of their fellow-creatures. That he ever deliberately meditated suicide, I do not believe; the elaborate attempts which have been made to spread that impression have defeated their object. But any one who knows Vienna is aware that in that city young couples who have been crossed in love often run away to some hotel and commit suicide together, acting upon a sudden impulse. There is now a melancholy interest in the words addressed by the crown-prince to the Congress of Hygiene assembled in Vienna last year under his presidency, in which he dwelt upon the importance of each individual life as a possible means of good to the community, and the duty of prolonging it by all the resources of science. A life of the brightest promise has now been wantonly sacrificed, and for what cause? Nothing more than a paltry love affair! The tragedy deepens when we reflect that opinion on the Continent, and especially in a semi-Oriental State, such as Austria-Hungary, does not regard such matters from the standpoint of what it calls Anglo-Saxon fanaticism. In England a *faux pas* in private life excludes an able man from a career of usefulness;

in America the unearthing of some such peccadillo in a statesman's domestic history brings wealth to the discoverer, if he knows how to sell his treasure, and destruction to his victim. The death of the young prince was more gratuitous, so to speak, than if he had been an Englishman, and a heavy responsibility rests with those to whom his safety was entrusted. But he is gone; and it is time for the slanderers and busybodies to cease from their clamor. Let him rest in peace.

All eyes now turn to the bereaved monarch, who has ruled for forty years with such benefit to his people and such credit to himself. Called upon, when a lad of nineteen, to steer the ship of state already foundering amid the waves of revolution, Francis Joseph I. was compelled to look on while the troops of a foreign power were shedding the blood of his subjects in his name. Never did a sovereign begin his reign under circumstances of greater difficulty. Though compelled in his youth to adopt a centralizing and reactionary policy, he now presents the rare spectacle of a ruler in whom the load of increasing years and troubles has not engendered a leaning towards Conservatism.

Iustitia erga omnes nationes est fundamentum Austriæ has ever been his motto, and he has carried out this principle with a rare political insight of which posterity alone will form an adequate judgment. *Cedendo vinces*: the general who can profit by defeat is the real hero. Notwithstanding all her disasters and her critical internal condition, Austria-Hungary is stronger to-day than she has been for a hundred years. The feeling of relief and gratitude which has followed the emperor's announcement that he will continue to occupy the throne, and to follow the well-known principles which have hitherto guided him, shows the extent to which his subjects appreciate his rule. The delicate problems of internal government with which he has to deal are such as to require the utmost sensitiveness of appreciation, a sympathetic treatment, and a spirit of fairness and compromise. If, during the last forty years, the destinies of Austria-Hungary had been entrusted to a man of "brutal frankness" and inflexible will, such as the Iron Chancellor, the horrors of 1849 would have been repeated again and again within her boundaries. However great may be their mutual jealousies, the many races of his realm turn to their emperor with a filial love and veneration. The disappointment which followed his rejection of all gifts and his

discouragement of all displays on the occasion of his jubilee was great; but it gave way to admiration of the simplicity and humanity of his character, when he begged that any memorial of the occasion should take a charitable form; and withdrew to pass the day in retirement with the empress at Miramar. It is such indications of character as this that kindle the affections of a nation. There is scarcely a village throughout the empire in which a tree was not planted in honor of the day, and vast sums were devoted to charitable foundations. The recent great outburst of sympathy is still fresh in our memories. In Hungary, and even in superstitious Tyrol, the people, in sympathy for their sovereign, compelled such of the priests as were unwilling to do so to celebrate requiem masses; and in Carinthia they threatened the prince-bishop of Laibach with violence if he would not permit the cathedral bells to be tolled. There is much of traditional devotion to the Hapsburgs in this; but still more there is recognition of the emperor's great services to his people and of his amiability of character. "We are one family, one people," were his touching words to one of the deputations which, notwithstanding his great grief, he consented to receive. We are tempted to ask, Can this be the sovereign against whom his whole people were in revolt some forty years ago, the master of Windischgrätz, and Jellachich, and Haynau?

The great results achieved by the emperor Francis Joseph serve to emphasize the unique position of the Hapsburgs as a link between so many discordant nationalities, and throw a light upon the infinite possibilities of the future of the dynasty. A crisis has now occurred to which there is only one parallel in the history of the monarchy. In 1740 the emperor Charles VI. died, leaving an only daughter, the empress Maria Theresa. He had moved heaven and earth to obtain the assent of the European powers to the Pragmatic Sanction, which he had framed to secure his daughter's succession. A number of rival claimants arose, and the empress fled for refuge with her infant, afterwards Joseph II., to Pressburg, where the Hungarian Diet was assembled. Here the historic scene occurred when the Magyar magnates drew their swords and vowed to die for their "king" Maria Theresa. A million lives were sacrificed in the wars which followed. It is hardly possible that the present crisis could involve any such consequences, but the situation is never-

theless full of serious import. The internal condition of the empire is such that a rare and almost impossible combination of qualities will be requisite for the future occupant of the Hapsburg throne.

The Pragmatic Sanction, though framed to legalize the accession of Maria Theresa, excludes the present emperor's daughters and his grandchild by postponing the succession of females to that of males in the family of Charles VI. The emperor's next brother, the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, whom Napoleon III. beguiled to a tragic fate in Mexico, would now, were he living, be the next heir. There are two surviving brothers, the archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor; and the former now becomes heir-presumptive, though he is understood to have renounced his claims in favor of his son. He is a general in the cavalry, and a good officer, but he has principally devoted himself to the patronage of art, science, trade, and commerce, and has been president of various industrial exhibitions held in Vienna. He has always been subject to Ultramontane influences, and his family has been brought up under ecclesiastical control. His eldest daughter, though only nineteen, is already abbess of a convent of noble ladies at Prague. His eldest son, the archduke Franz Ferdinand, who has inherited the patrimony of the Modena branch of the family, resigns his vast estates to his brother, the archduke Otto, in order to qualify himself to succeed to the still greater heritage of his imperial ancestors. He is a young man of inoffensive character, delicate, and subject to epileptic fits. Whether he will prove himself equal to the great position which has suddenly devolved upon him can only be revealed by time; but the state of his health makes it not improbable that the archduke Otto will eventually become heir to the throne. The numerous escapades of this eccentric and headstrong young prince have tried even the tolerance of Austrian society, and have been such as to render the contingency of his succession a subject of deep concern to the emperor, though it may be that, as in the case of our own Henry V., a plenteous crop of royal virtues may arise from an abundant sowing of wild oats. It is said at Vienna that complications may still arise in case the archduke Otto should contest his brother's competency to resign the Modena inheritance, which at present disqualifies him from accepting the position of heir-presumptive. The elaborate ceremonies which attended the inaugura-

tion of a memorial to Maria Theresa last summer gave rise to persistent rumors that an attempt was being made to accustom the public mind to the idea of another empress-queen. It is useless to speculate what might have occurred in the future if the crown-prince had lived. An attempt to alter the succession would have involved a family quarrel; but this would have been the least part of the danger. An amendment of the Pragmatic Sanction would have had to be submitted to the various diets and parliaments of the empire, and many of them would probably have seized the opportunity to demand concessions, or by taking different sides might have given an opening to foreign intrigues for the dismemberment of the empire.

Wherever we look dark storm-clouds are gathering thickly round the monarchy. The dangers from without are great, the dangers from within are still greater; and it is only the centripetal force set in motion by the former which counteracts the process of internal disintegration. Austria-Hungary is compelled to maintain military armament altogether disproportionate to her economical resources. Her financial condition is alarming; she supports a load of taxation so overwhelming that it paralyzes her recuperative power; her fiscal arrangements, in which the protective system is carried to its utmost extent, are in a disorganized condition, being at best but a compromise between the warring interests of industrial Austria and agricultural Hungary; she is carrying on a war of tariffs with Roumania, and her customs arrangements with Germany and Italy are anything but satisfactory. Her deficits are increasing year by year; in fact she can no longer afford to hold the position of a great power. Meanwhile Russian plots in the Balkan States and the accumulation of Russian troops on the Galician frontier still continue, and force her to take precautionary measures and increase her military expenditure. The intolerable strain may soon compel her to throw down the gauntlet once for all to her gigantic neighbor. If she does so it will be at her own risk, for the League of Peace is strictly defensive, and Prince Bismarck will not help her in the Balkans. Lastly, she has to grapple with the discontent of her own non-German and non-Hungarian populations, not to speak of the excitable Magyars, and to assure herself that she can count on the loyalty of her seventeen millions of Slav subjects before entering into a contest with a great Slav empire.

The economical condition of a country in which an annual deficit has come to be regarded as inevitable can hardly be contemplated with satisfaction, and the only question is, How long can this state of things last? Newly liberated States, like young men when they come of age, often plunge into a career of extravagance; and the dashing and adventurous Magyars have shown anything but a disposition to husband their resources since the time when they succeeded in obtaining the management of their own affairs in 1867. All heads were filled with the magnificence of Hungary's destiny, and no sordid considerations of expense were to be allowed to stand in the way of her development. Directly after the *Ausgleich*, or compromise with Austria, Hungary laid claim to Fiume, and gained her point, as she has always done since the institution of dualism. Immediately costly harbor works were taken in hand, and immense warehouses erected; and any one who remembers what Fiume was some fifteen or twenty years ago would now hardly recognize the once unpretending little port. Fiume, the port of Hungary, was to rival Trieste despite all difficulties, and what mattered a few millions of florins? A serious loss has resulted from the immense network of State railways with which the Hungarian landowners have covered the country. They were determined to develop their estates; it did not matter whether the railways paid or not, and some of them never will pay. Strategical considerations have been lost sight of in the construction of these lines, and the military communications in Galicia are notoriously inadequate. Again, Pesth has been transformed into a magnificent capital; everywhere costly and imposing buildings meet the view, designed to demonstrate to the world the nascent splendor of the Hungarian kingdom. Another source of loss is the war of tariffs with Roumania, which has crippled the trade with that country by eighty per cent. This is also the work of the Hungarian landowners, who object to the importation of Roumanian cattle.

But the principal cause of the financial difficulty, and the tremendous taxation with which it must be met, is, of course, the army. The forces of Austria-Hungary on paper amount to more than a million and a half of men, exclusive of the *Honved*, or Hungarian militia, which has a separate organization. But in reality, owing to sheer want of money, there are hardly more than three hundred thousand

men under arms. The officers are badly paid, and the men badly fed; indeed, an accurate knowledge of the means whereby body and soul are kept together in an Austrian soldier might bring some consolation to those who mourn the short rations of Tommy Atkins. Political causes have done much to weaken the efficiency of the army; the ministries of national defence, for instance, at Vienna and Pesth are independent of the common ministry of war; there are neither permanent *corps d'armée* nor systems of local recruiting. The army, however, is composed of admirable material and animated with an excellent spirit. It is thoroughly loyal to the emperor, its *Kriegsherr*, and knows nothing of the king of Hungary. The steadiness and fidelity of the imperial troops have been very remarkable, even in times of great internal discontent, such as the year 1866, when Prince Bismarck was distributing revolutionary manifestos in the Czech language throughout Bohemia, and organizing a guerilla force of exiled Hungarian patriots under Klapka. The Hapsburgs have always been soldiers, and the present generation needs not fear comparison with any of its predecessors. The archduke Rainer commands the Austrian militia, and the archduke Wilhelm the artillery. The latter, a brave man and a first-rate soldier, received a wound at Sadowa; he is an excellent artillery officer, with a thorough knowledge of every matter connected with the scientific branch of the service. But the two most remarkable military men among the Hapsburgs are the archdukes Albrecht and Johann. The former, who is virtually commander-in-chief, is a very distinguished soldier. After gaining a brilliant victory at Custoza in 1866, he hastened back to Vienna to take over the command of Benedek's defeated army, and succeeded in checking the advance of the Prussians upon the capital. He is now past seventy, a strict disciplinarian of the old school, but at the same time an amiable man, loved as well as feared by those under his command. Even the ruggedness of his features seems to lend individuality to his character, and the soldiers talk of him as "father Albrecht." He is to some extent a repository of old Austrian traditions, but he is not popular in Hungary, having had the misfortune to be military governor of that country after the unhappy events of 1849. His antipathy to the military despotism at Berlin is an open secret, and he is consequently subject to the attentions of a detachment of the army

of Bismarckian spies who swarm in the dual empire. The archduke Johann, a young man of remarkable ability, energy, and originality of character, has also seen active service, having taken part in the Bosnian campaign in 1878. His career has been a chequered one, for like his veteran relative he is by no means a *persona grata* at Berlin: *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. In 1874, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he published a *brochure* containing a slashing onslaught on the obsolete usages then prevailing in the artillery, and full of the liveliest satire; but he did not confine himself to military questions, and launched into an invective against the alliance with Germany, "a treacherous power," he said with admirable frankness, "which for more than a century has exhausted every means to weaken and humiliate Austria." He continued to protest against German influence and the introduction of German methods into the army, when all of a sudden, a little more than two years ago, he disappeared from the service. The edict, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," had been pronounced at Berlin.

The race-hatreds prevailing in the empire have hitherto had little effect upon the loyalty of the army; but the next great war will be different from anything that has gone before. For the first time Austria-Hungary will stand face to face with a great Slav empire. Her Slav populations outnumber her Germans and Hungarians combined, and her army is made up in the same proportions. The Slavs make excellent soldiers, obedient, brave, and with remarkable powers of endurance. They have fought admirably against the French, the Italians, and the Germans; but it remains to be seen whether they will display the same energy when marshalled against a kindred nationality. The vital question arises: Are the Slavs of the dual empire loyal? Will they stand by the house of Hapsburg in its hour of need? The answer, I think, is that the Slavs are devotedly attached to the reigning house, but that they have become so exasperated by the working of the dual system that their loyalty will hardly stand the strain of a war with Russia. Since 1867 they have been serving two masters instead of one. They remember that liberal concessions followed the unsuccessful wars of 1859 and 1866. Must Austria be beaten a third time that the Slavs may have their rights?

The accompanying figures will show the relation in point of numbers between

the two dominant races and the Slav populations. If we assume the population of the empire to be about thirty-eight millions inclusive of Jews, foreigners, gipsies, etc., not mentioned below, we find the Germans constitute but twenty-five per cent. and the Hungarians but sixteen per cent., while the Slavs are forty-six per cent. of the whole.

AUSTRIA (CISLEITHANIA).

Germans	8,500,000
Slavs:—	
Czechs	4,480,000
(Bohemia and Moravia.)	
Poles	2,370,000
(West Galicia.)	
Ruthenians	3,360,000
(East Galicia.)	
Slovens	1,220,000
(Styria, Carinthia, Carniola.)	
Dalmatians and Istrians	700,000
Italians	515,000

HUNGARY (TRANSLEITHANIA).

Magyars	5,590,000
Slavs:—	
Slovaks	1,940,000
(Northern Carpathians.)	
Serbo-Croats	3,120,000
(Croatia, etc.)	
Roumanians	2,940,000
(Transylvania.)	
Germans	500,000
(chiefly Transylvania.)	

To the Slav races enumerated above, we must add the populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have practically become Austrian provinces. The Slavs have hitherto been the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the empire, but their powers of self-assertion have largely increased with greater material well-being, the spread of education, and the development of representative institutions since 1860. Their geographical distribution has been a serious hindrance to unity of action, as they lie along the northern and southern borders of the empire, separated from each other by the Germans and Hungarians. The institution of dualism has had the effect of dividing them into four sections, the artificial line from north to south bisecting the ethnographical parallels from east to west. *Divide et impera*. The ideal of the Hungarian patriot Deák was made a living reality by Von Beust after Königgrätz, and the years of its infant progress were watched over by Count Julius Andrássy amid the encouraging smiles of Prince Bismarck, the determined enemy of the Slav race. The practical effect of the *Ausgleich* has been twofold; to establish the Magyars as the

ruling race of the empire, and to exercise a fatally disintegrating influence upon the German and Slav groups. The Prussomanic section of the Germans casts longing eyes towards Berlin; the northern Slavs look to Prague as their future capital, while the Serbo-Croats are already fixing their hopes upon Belgrade. One connecting link, however, remains stronger than ever — the universal devotion to the house of Hapsburg.

The emperor Francis Joseph and Count Taaffe are completely in accord as to the necessity of conciliating the Slav races, but the Magyars are determined that the principle of home rule shall go no further than themselves. They dislike the Germans, but they detest the Slavs; and a strange stroke of destiny has now subjected to their rule those very Croats who, under Jellachich, trampled upon them in 1849. Fierce, self-asserting, domineering, the vigorous and energetic Magyar race has arrogated to itself an influence altogether disproportionate to its numbers and its wealth; scarcely counting six million souls, it controls a mixed population of over ten millions in its own half of the monarchy, and speaks with the voice of authority in the other half; while it practically directs the fiscal and foreign policy of a vast empire. It still retains the dash and ferocity of its Asiatic ancestors, the wild Mongolian horsemen who drank human blood and the milk of mares, and were still pagans at the beginning of the eleventh century. There is something at once terrible and fascinating in the history of this interesting people — their furious raid into central Europe, their long and desperate conflict with the Turks, their chivalrous defence of Maria Theresa, their determined struggle for national independence. Hungary is the land of tragedies — where cities and vast plains are inundated, and the wood-built villages burn to ashes during the high winds; where one hears of overwhelming snow-storms, and ravages of wolves, and terrible droughts, and famines and hunger-typhus. Aristocratic traditions still prevail, and a nobleman thinks nothing of flogging a peasant whom he finds straying in his park, or directing his gamekeeper to set man-traps for poachers. A friend of mine who lately rented some shooting from a Hungarian nobleman, was informed by the gamekeeper of the latter how he had treated a poacher whom he once found in his master's preserves with some wires in his hand. He twisted the wire into a noose, with which he hung the man to a tree, and waited till his victim's

face became black before letting him down; this process he repeated three or four times, until he considered the punishment adequate. He was much surprised at my friend's not enjoying the recital, and a little disgusted at his failing to perceive the appropriateness of punishing the man with his own wire. It is sad to see the wretched peasants, who are requisitioned as beaters, paraded before a *battue* on a bitterly cold winter morning, and again paraded in the evening, while their clothing is searched by the gamekeeper before they are given their scanty pay, and allowed to return to the villages, sometimes many miles distant, from which they have been summoned. The peasants in northern Hungary are almost entirely of Slovak race, and the fact does not tend to make them more contented with their lot.

With all its faults the Magyar nobility is the most interesting, the most cultivated, and the most chivalrous aristocratic caste in Europe; and any one who has seen these handsome descendants of Arpad assembled in their national costume to meet their king at Carnival time in Pesth, cannot have failed to be struck with their fine bearing and the remarkable stamp of character on their features. Count Julius Andrassy is a typical specimen of a Hungarian magnate. Condemned to the galleys for his participation in the revolution of 1849, he escaped from Hungary and spent several years in the enjoyment of aristocratic pleasures in Paris and London. A thorough sportsman and a man of pleasure, versed in all the mysteries of *la vie à grandes guides* and *la vie galante*, Count Andrassy is supremely contemptuous of pedantry in politics and deals off-hand with problems which perplex the faculties of low-born drudges. When he returned to his native country after the general amnesty, he assumed the cares of office with the same natural aptitude as he would have taken the reins of a four-in-hand. He established the most intimate relations with Prince Bismarck, which continued when he became foreign minister, and are still fostered by M. Tisza; for in many respects the Iron Chancellor finds it most convenient to rule the dual empire through Pesth, especially since the dissolution of the *Dreikaiserbund*. The rage of the Hungarians at the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which added two millions of Slavs to the population of the empire, compelled Count Andrassy to retire from office; but he had already established Hungarian autonomy upon a firm basis. When conversing with him re-

cently I touched on the topic of Ireland, being interested to discover in what way the Irish question would present itself to one who had so successfully developed home rule in his own country. He professed himself to be insufficiently informed as to the merits of the Irish case, but said that the *methods* of the agitation had alienated his sympathy, and that the employment of intimidation deprived the movement of any appearance of spontaneity. He seemed not to be aware how cleverly two really distinct issues—the land and the national questions—have been fused together by Mr. Davitt. From what he subsequently said I gathered that he did not attribute great importance to Mr. Gladstone's adhesion to the movement, as he seemed to think the right honorable gentleman is afflicted with a congenital restlessness. That Count Andrassy should have forgotten Mr. Gladstone's well-known utterance about Austria could hardly be expected; but as a Magyar he would scarcely be enthusiastic about home rule for others, and as a landlord he would hardly sympathize with revolted tenants.

One of the most remarkable results of dualism has been the progress of the Czech movement in Bohemia and Moravia and the development of what was once a mere question of race-hatred into a national demand. The connection between Bohemia and Austria is historically on the same footing as that between Austria and Hungary. In both cases the pressure of Ottoman invasion was the cause of union. Bohemia had maintained its independence for centuries under a long line of monarchs, of whom the most illustrious were St. Wenceslaus and Ottocar the Great. French writers who manifest a sentimental feeling for the Czechs are fond of remembering how blind King Charles of Bohemia, "*li vaillans et gentils rois de Behagne*," as Froissart calls him, fell fighting for France at Crecy, and certain recent antics of Madame Sara Bernhardt at Prague were apparently designed to fan the flame of international affection. It is an interesting fact that the Bohemian Diet was the only representative body in Europe that protested against Prince Bismarck's seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. The Czechs, on the extinction of their native dynasty in 1526, elected Ferdinand of Austria as their king, and the Hungarians followed their example in the next year, after they had been routed by the Turks in the famous battle of Mohacz, and their young king Ludwig had been drowned in

the marshes. The right of each of these nations to be regarded as an *independent kingdom* was expressly guaranteed, and it is therefore evident that Bohemia stands *de jure* in precisely the same relation to the Hapsburg dynasty as Hungary. Ferdinand, after succeeding to the immense possessions of his brother, Charles V., became the ruler of half Europe, and adopted as his device the arrogant motto A.E.I.O.U.—*Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo*. Such was the beginning of federalism under pressure from the Turks. Who can tell whether the Hapsburgs may not yet be called to preside over a still greater confederation under pressure from Russia?

The Czechs in Bohemia are in the proportion of three to two as regards the Germans; but the Ultramontane Germans are inclined to join the national movement, and the arrogance of Prince Bismarck has contributed not a little to this result. The kingdom of Bohemia was actually restored by the present emperor in 1849, but the new constitution was withdrawn, like all the concessions of that eventful year. Ten years of reaction followed; but the doctrine of nationalities proclaimed by Napoleon III., and the misfortunes of 1859, bore fruit in the "Constitution of February," 1861, by which Bohemia and the other sections of the empire obtained local self-government in the shape of a provincial Diet and representation in the Reichsrath at Vienna. From this time dates the parliamentary struggle which has continued up to the present, and during which the Czechs have had the mortification to find themselves outstripped by the Magyars in the race for home rule. The Germans in the Reichsrath were unwilling, as they are now, to part with their imperial traditions; and the Czechs, led by Count Clam Martinitz—unlike the Irish, they have their ancient nobility at their head—withdrew from the Reichsrath rather than be bullied at Vienna. In the year of the Hungarian compromise, the policy of abstention reached its utmost point when the Bohemian Diet dissolved itself after refusing to send deputies to the Reichsrath. Government by coercion followed, with the usual features of police espionage, press prosecutions, and suppression of meetings. The government declared the seats of the recalcitrant deputies vacant, and the people with perfect good-humor met again and again to vote for the same individuals, until the elections could be counted by hundreds, and the peasants, before separating at the

polls, got into the habit of saying to each other, "Good-bye till next month." At length the emperor, whose inmost sympathies have always leaned towards the Czechs, directed Count Hohenwart, in 1871, to draw up a scheme of home rule for Bohemia. When the draft of the constitution was completed, he could hardly restrain his delight. "Let it be put in force," he cried, "out of hand — *Schlag auf Schlag!*" It would occupy too much space to relate the intrigues which, emanating from Berlin, put an end to Francis Joseph's good intentions and the hopes of the Czechs. They could not expect much from Count Andrassy, who in the interest of his countrymen continued carefully to foster the *entente* with Prince Bismarck. Count Taaffe, however, has adopted a different attitude towards the Slav populations, and is consequently the object of violent antipathy at Berlin.

Count Taaffe, an Irish viscount as well as an Austrian peer, celebrated last month the tenth anniversary of his accession to office. The intimate friend and former playmate of his imperial master, he is thoroughly in accord with him in his programme of concession to Slav aspirations. The ill-treatment which he received from the German emperor last autumn, and the attacks of the reptile press which followed this premeditated slight, caused the deepest pain to the emperor Francis Joseph and the late archduke Rudolph. Count Taaffe, however, gained one advantage from the onslaught. There are reptiles by the Danube as well as by the Spree; but the wave of resentment which arose throughout Austria-Hungary swept them away with it, and even certain well-known Bismarckian journals were compelled to put on a show of indignation. The German chancellor had in fact over-estimated the extent to which he could bully a high-spirited people, and the chorus of defiance was loudest amongst his own *protégés*, the Hungarians. The whole affair formed but a single incident in that series of blunders which has disfigured the conduct of German politics for the last year, and originates in that grotesque alliance of juvenile rashness with senile vindictiveness which of late has so gratuitously estranged the sympathies of all moderate men. Count Taaffe relies for support on the non-German element in the Reichsrath, and the Czechs have consequently been induced to abandon their attitude of passive resistance, and now support the ministry in concert with their Slav brethren from Galicia and the southern provinces, and a

small number of German Conservatives. For in Austria, strange to say, the Conservative and Ultramontane factions are allied with the cause of nationalism, while the German element inclines to Liberalism and free thought, and is only Conservative in its adherence to centralization and its resistance to Slav aspirations.

The veteran leader of the Czech party, M. Rieger, is now seventy-two years of age. He took an active part in the revolution at Prague in 1848, and he has now struggled for more than forty years for the independence of Bohemia. His habitual leaning towards moderation has been increased by age, and his opinion commands the highest respect; but his methods are being gradually superseded by those of the Young Czech, or active parliamentary party led by the brothers Edward and Julius Greg, the former a member of the Reichsrath, the latter editor of a Czech journal at Prague. These vigorous champions of Bohemian nationalism preach an active crusade against the German centralists, and endeavor to force the hand of Count Taaffe; they harangue political *tabors*, or meetings, at Prague, where race-hatred has reached such a point that German and Czech working-men refuse to speak to one another and organize boycotting clubs, while university students of the opposing races condemn each other to a reciprocal Coventry. The Slav majority in the Reichsrath, on which Count Taaffe depends, gains strength from the internal conflicts of the German opposition. The Catholic or Ultramontane section of the German party, of which Prince Liechtenstein is leader, votes with the Slav majority, contrary to the counsels of Mgr. Galimberti, the papal nuncio, whom Prince Bismarck contrived to get sent to Vienna, and who strangely enough leans to the free-thinking Liberal Germans. The Austrian-German section of the Teutonic opposition is thoroughly *Kaisertreu* and loyal to the Hapsburgs; the National-German section is composed of Prussomania, whose sentiments find utterance in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, and whose race prejudices have driven them dangerously near to Pangermanism and disloyalty. A sub-section of this party is composed of Radical free-thinkers and anti-Semitic enthusiasts led by M. Schönerer, the *bête noire* of the Vienna press, which is almost entirely under Hebrew control, and hits around impartially at Czechs, clericals, and anti-Semites alike. The Jewish influence which directs the principal Vienna journals should not be lost sight of by

foreigners who wish to form an independent judgment upon Austrian politics.

One of the organs of the Prussomanic party is the *Kyffhauser*, a provincial journal. The name is that of a mountain beneath which, according to tradition, the emperor Barbarossa and his knights still sleep in a trance, from which they are destined to be roused when the German race attains its unity. The fact that the government finds itself compelled to prohibit the display of the German flag in Vienna speaks for itself. It is quite conceivable that Prince Bismarck should coquet with this treasonable party; but that he meditates an absorption of the German provinces of Austria is, I think, highly improbable, owing to the vast accession which it would bring to the strength of the German Ultramontanes. But it may be otherwise with the young man who means to follow "the programme of Frederick the Great."

The attitude of the Poles in Galicia presents an interesting contrast to that of the other Slav races in the empire. The atrocities perpetrated by Russia on their kindred have effectually alienated them from any sympathy with Panslavism; the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns in Posen has made them thankful for the gentler rule of the Hapsburgs, and has by no means increased their affection for the German race. In their suspicion of the centralist Teutonic party they vote with the Slav majority in the Reichsrath, and their deputies are able to hold a commanding position, inasmuch as they can vote with freedom, having no special grievance of their own to press, while they are sufficiently numerous to convert either side into a majority. The Poles of Galicia enjoy a liberal autonomy, and have even the gratification of domineering over another race. The Ruthenians of eastern Galicia are rising from a state of serfdom, but are still oppressed by the Polish landowners. They are thoroughly Slav in their sympathies, and somewhat inclined to listen to the seductions of Russian agents coming from over the frontier. Their estrangement from the Poles is heightened by the fact that they adhere to the Eastern Catholic ritual, while the Poles follow that of Rome. They have hitherto secured but a very inadequate representation in the Reichsrath; and their deputies, though violently Slav in sentiment, vote with the German minority to spite the Poles.

The Slovans and Dalmatians in southern Austria have been cut asunder from

their kinsmen, the Croats, by the institution of dualism. Moreover, they have to contend against a double foe, for the Italians on the seacoast, the descendants of the lordly Venetians, treat them with disdain; while on the north they come in contact with the Germans of the archduchy. The Slovans are a mild and inoffensive race, with apparently little power of self-assertion; the peasants in Istria give one the impression of being underfed, and devoid of vitality and energy. The Dalmatians are an interesting, seafaring race, manly, active, and intelligent, from which the crews of the Austrian navy are almost exclusively drawn. It is well worth while to visit these hardy sailors in their sunny archipelago, where a hundred islands lie basking in the blue Adriatic, and the snowy summits of the Dalmatian Alps seem to lift themselves from out of the sea. I was surprised to find myself frequently accosted by the islanders in English, even in the remote little port of Lussinpiccolo, for many of them had often been to England and America.

The Serbo-Croats who have thus been separated from their brethren, have fallen under the yoke of the Magyars, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of the Germans. There is a Diet and a semblance of self-government at Agram, but the *ban* or governor is appointed on the recommendation of the Hungarian ministry, and the Magyar officials know how to manage the elections as elections are managed in Oriental countries. There is a philo-Magyar majority in the Diet at Agram, just as there is a compact Magyar majority in the Reichstag at Pesth. How is this to be explained, seeing that only a third of the population of Transleithania is Hungarian? How does it happen that the majority in the Vienna Reichsrath is anti-German while the majority in the Pesth Reichstag is pro-Hungarian? The fact is that the Magyars possess the instincts of a dominant race; and the ability with which their officials manipulate the elections is only one among many signs of Hungarian determination to have the best of it at all costs. Agram is the focus of the southern Slav movement as Prague is of the northern. Like Prague, it possesses a university, which is at once a centre and a monument of Slav culture and learning. The Academy of Fine Arts, which forms part of the university, the museum, and numerous other institutions bear witness to the munificence and patriotism of Mgr. Strossmayer, Bishop of Diakovar, one of the most remarkable

men, not only in Austria-Hungary but in Europe. This is not the place to speak of his vigorous stand against the dogma of infallibility at Rome. But any sketch of the progress of the Slav races in Austria would be imperfect without some mention of this distinguished prelate, patriot, and man of letters, who is literally adored in every Croatian cottage. He has devoted his long life—he is now passed seventy—to the material, moral, intellectual, and political advancement of his countrymen. He has published several works bearing on Slav history and literature, as well as collections of songs and popular editions. His promotion to the see of Agram was resisted by the Hungarian government, who appointed Mgr. Michaelovitch, a strong Magyar partisan, with a view to counteracting his influence.

The Slovaks in northern Hungary are as a rule little more than serfs to the great Hungarian landholders, but their political development will come in time. Of the strange mixture of races in Transylvania, I say little, as the Slav question is not concerned. The Roumanians, who are in the majority, are implacably hostile to Hungarian authority, and resist "Magyarization" with a will. A Roumanian statesman with whom I conversed at Bucharest last spring assured me that there is a stronger feeling of sympathy in Roumania for the Transylvanian Roumanians than exists on behalf of those whom Russia has absorbed in Bessarabia; for the Russians, more politic than the Hungarians, have done much to make the Bessarabians an object of envy to the oppressed Moldavian peasantry. Last of all, the beautiful and almost unknown little province of Bukovina forms a remote corner in the realm of the Hapsburgs, with its population of half a million, partly Roumanian, partly Ruthenian, its separate Diet, and its five deputies to the Parliament at Pesth.

The Slavs of the dual empire have everything on their side—material progress, increasing numbers, and the spread of constitutional ideas. They are not gifted with the self-assertiveness of the Magyars, but they are beginning to be conscious of their strength. The institution of dualism, if it has checked their power of combination, has also braced them to greater efforts by the spectacle of successfully achieved Magyar autonomy. The present condition of dualism cannot be permanent; it is but a step to a wider scheme of federation under which all the races of the empire will be able to realize their national aspirations under the pater-

nal sway of the Hapsburgs. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of such a scheme, and it is easy to prophesy disaster; but prophets of evil abounded in 1867, who declared that Austria could not survive the establishment of Hungarian independence. Once the aspirations of its Slav subjects are satisfied, the house of Hapsburg may look forward to a destiny recalling the splendors of the sixteenth century. It has already won the loyalty of the Poles, and detached them from sympathy with Pan Slavism; if it can only give contentment to the other Slav races, who are really but little inclined to listen to Pan Slavist doctrines, and who have nothing in common with the Russians, whether in language, religion, or political sentiment, there is no reason why the progress of federalism should stop at the frontier. Why should not the small States of the Balkans range themselves under the presidency of an illustrious dynasty which has frankly accepted constitutionalism, and respects the idiosyncrasies and susceptibilities of its heterogeneous subjects?

A Balkan confederation under the hegemony of Austria would be the best and most permanent solution of the Eastern question. The nationalities which cluster round the central artery of the Danube would then command the great waterway from its source to its mouth. Constantinople might again become the eastern metropolis of a great empire, with Vienna for its western capital, though it would probably be best if Constantinople never fell into the hands of any great European power. The dynasties now ruling at Bucharest, Belgrade, and Sophia would remain *in statu quo*, but acknowledging fealty to the imperial house. Servia would receive Bosnia and Herzegovina, which she has never ceased to claim, and would in return allow Bulgaria to "rectify" her frontier in Macedonia, which is mainly Bulgarian, and to establish herself at Salonica. The adhesion of Greece would be rewarded with a portion of southern Macedonia and Albania, while Roumania would again claim her Transylvanian children, from whom she has been separated for more than three centuries. Of course such a programme cannot be carried out till the great war has come and gone. Meantime Austria should lose no time in establishing her position as the natural protectress of the Balkan Slavs, and the first step in this direction must be the conciliation of her own Slav subjects, on whose attitude so much depends when the

inevitable conflict with Russia begins. The Magyars, who have already accustomed themselves to a position altogether disproportionate to their numbers, may clamor against a project of Slav unification, but they are not so blinded by race-hatred as not to see that this is the only programme that can make Austria a match for Russia in the Balkan peninsula.

It would have been well for the house of Hapsburg if from the day when, at the beginning of this century, it exchanged the *Deutsche Reich* for the *Oesterreich*, it had finally abandoned the affairs of Germany and recognized the destiny which makes the *Drang nach Osten* a necessity to its future empire. It would at least have been spared a portion of that long series of misfortunes which it has borne with such fortitude, and to which the tragedy of last month is the latest accession. The dynasty once built up a splendid inheritance by political sagacity and profitable alliances, as well as by the illustrious marriages alluded to in the famous lines :

Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus.

It has advanced in the paths of constitutionalism, notwithstanding the reactionary example of the two great neighboring despotisms. But if it is ever to preside over a vast Eastern confederation it must realize the position of Austria-Hungary as a great Slav power. And if it can do this, it will perhaps one day read its ancient motto thus: *Austria Est Imperare Orienti Universo*.

J. D. BOURCHIER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MY SON TOMMY.

WHETHER there really was such a person as "my son Tommy," most of us who met at night in the billiard-room of the Elephant were inclined to doubt. Certainly old Smith, Father Tommy as he was usually called, was not naturally a man of guile, and the simple, earnest, loving way he spoke of his son, coupled with the absence of any apparent inducement to deceive, made it difficult to believe that the whole thing was a fiction; still there was such monstrous vagueness and inconsistency in the father's allusions to his son that it was equally or even more difficult to believe anything else.

And the curious thing was that on any other subject Father Tommy was frank and communicative enough. He had made

his appearance among us but a few days, when we already knew most of his history. He had been a farmer in a neighboring county in a very small way until a far-away cousin had died and left him quite a little fortune. "By gum! times had been that bad, I tell 'ee I 'ad to scrat afore I pecked; so when the lawyer chap towed me as 'ow there was summat a comin' to me I was took aback like; 'Noa dainger,' says I, 'a 'aporth o' bad nuts is all owd Jack Smith is ever like to 'ave left 'im.' 'Noa, it's summat better nor that, yo'n got, Maister John Smith,' says 'e. 'Ay, ay,' says I, 'plain Jack yesterday, an' Maister John to-day! Why sure-a-lie, the cat's kitteded!'"

And on the subject of his son Tommy he was willing, nay, anxious, to talk; but he preferred to question rather than to be questioned. After he himself had with great slyness worked the conversation round to this subject, the nervousness he displayed and the abominable duplicity he stooped to, when the questioned in his turn became questioner, were calculated to shake one's faith in human nature. "Be 'appen yo' metten my son Tommy in Lonnen town?" he would ask some one who had lately come from the metropolis. "Or yo' might 'a 'eerd tark on 'im mebbe?" "E's doin' despart well las' time I 'eerd."

He would never volunteer more definite information as to the address, manner of life, or profession of the mysterious Tommy than this. When confronted with definite inquiries as to whether his son was in this or that profession or business, he would mop his brow with a table-cloth of a pocket-handkerchief wrought about with divers colors, and murmur confidentially to its voluminous folds that "be 'appen" such was the case, but that he did not "rightly mind." Or perhaps he would vary the formula by saying that he "oodn't say for sartin like as 'ow Tommy 'adn't turned 'is mind that way." This oracular remark would be his answer to the simple inquiry, whether his son was a Smith whom the inquirer had known in the navy, or in the Church, or in the medical profession. Everybody, you see, had known a Smith who was getting on well in something.

Undismayed however by the just indignation which all we who knew him expressed at his shuffling attitude on this subject, this audacious old man continued his inquiries, asking all who penetrated to the smoking-room of the Elephant from the outside world for news of his son. In

order to meet half-way in their kindly efforts those who endeavored to give him the information he required (we will charitably suppose that was his object) he was most complaisant in the matter of minor details. The amiable Tommy was a veritable chameleon. His personal appearance varied from hour to hour. The model, standard, or ideal sketch of him as found existing in his father's head, and extracted therefrom in a ragged and piecemeal condition by a hard-headed young Scotch barrister after two hours' rigorous cross-examination, was that of a boy of sixteen rather than a man of thirty, which age we were told Tommy must have reached by now. Macpherson dismissed the witness in the following impressive and scathing words: "Mr. Smith, it's my duty to inform you, that you're a mon just given over to prevarication and deception, and considering your years I'd advise you to take heed to your ways; I'd just go and have a quiet talk with the minister; and, Mr. Smith" (here the honest Scot's self-control broke down, and his wrath and his dialect burst forth), "deil tak ye, mon; dinna come teasing us puir bodies with your cock-and-bull stories of your son Thamas, who's mebbe got a thick head of hair and mebbe bald-pated, and is mebbe sax fuit high or just as likely five, ye dinna ken which, though he's your own bairn and ye mind him weel — which is just incredible, and neither mair nor less than a lie — d'ye ken what that signifies, Mr. Smith?" and Macpherson, like Naaman, went away in a rage. But Father Tommy, remarking calmly that the infuriated Caledonian was "as mad as an owd tup in a 'alter," continued his gin and water.

That same evening Mordaunt brought his father, the general, down to the Elephant. He had lately come back from India. Being most of us in great awe of this ancient hero (who combined the engaging qualities of the haughty military dandy and the gouty old gentleman) we trembled when we saw Father Tommy take him in hand. Happily the general, who wouldn't have vouchsafed one of us a civil answer, was majestically gracious to Father Tommy. Presently we heard the general say, "Tut, tut, my good man, India's a big place. By —, sir, big enough to hold more than one Smith, though that is an uncommon name, too." The general was pleased with his joke; the general smiled; the general actually laughed.

"Ay, ay. It bin a big plaice, I suppose — bigger nor all England, I dar' say?"

The general laughed again, mockingly. "Pouf," said the general, as though he would blow his native land away; "England is a mere fleabite compared with that great country, sir."

"Eh, well, but arter all," said Father Tommy comfortably, "we dunna goo by size, or a cow 'ould catch a hare."

The general was doubtful how to take this observation; was it, could it be, a reflection on the land he had just come from? He concluded to take no notice of it. But he was ruffled. He gave Father Tommy to understand that he was not likely to know this Mr. Thomas Smith, unless the said Thomas was in the army, and unless he (the general) was told in what regiment.

The other remarked in reply that he believed he had a vague reminiscence of the army having been mentioned by his son as his temporary occupation; as for regiment, he thought his son had no special choice; probably he patronized first one and then another, or any that came handy, "'appened to be thereabout;" he explained his own comparative ignorance on this point by saying that he personally disapproved of the service; he "didna hoid by sodgering at arl, not 'imself; but he reckoned it were summat for them to do, as couldna' do no better, like."

But the general had fled; and Mr. Smith finished his explanation to the company at large, who listened indeed, but listened in a silence half-sarcastic, half-indignant. For we all looked upon "son Tommy" by this time as a myth and a mockery, an idiot's tale never worth the telling, and now grown sadly stale and unprofitable.

Amongst the many peculiarities of Mr. Smith, which those of us who were merely people of practical common sense found repugnant to our ideas of propriety and vexing to our temper, but which the so-called lovers of character professed to consider very interesting and old-fashioned, must be included a profound distrust of banks, which led him to keep large sums of money in a ridiculous kind of iron cupboard let into the wall of the ground-floor room of his little cottage. His living in such a wretched little dwelling was a similar and an equally reprehensible whim. Nothing would persuade him to change his manner of living, now that he was a well-to-do man, from what it had been when he was a poor, struggling farmer. So in his tiny cottage, with its two or three little rooms, he lived all by himself; and in the cupboard in the wall

it was an open secret that he kept most of his money.

We pointed out to him the folly and danger of his behavior, but he was deaf to all our warnings. To one or two of us he indeed confided another reason which prompted him to run the risk of keeping so much money loose about him. He declared that he could never be sure at what hour of the day or night his son might not drop in upon him unexpectedly, and in case he should be in want of money it was necessary to have plenty near at hand. As to burglars, he laughed quite cheerfully at our forebodings, and protested he had no fear of any coming to his "little bit of a place."

But on one dark December night Mr. Smith, lying awake, became gradually conscious that he was not alone in the house. The snow was falling fast and heavily, and from the outside world there came not a sound to break the stillness; but within the house certain stealthy movements and indistinct rustling sounds reached the keen ears of Mr. Smith, and led him to believe, as we have said, that he had been visited by some uninvited guests.

"By gum," whispered he to himself, as he silently drew on his nether garments, "there be summun in the 'ouse." Listening intently for a while, he was confirmed in this impression, and repeated his conviction in the same form of words. He dragged on one stocking. Flushed with his exertions, for the stockings were tight and very closely knitted, and Mr. Smith's figure did not allow of his stooping with ease, he panted out "I mun go and see ——" Then he fought and wrestled with the other stocking before he allowed himself to finish his sentence, "what they be arter."

To complete his toilet it was only necessary to don an immense greatcoat. With his boots in one hand, and a gun in the other, he stole softly and slowly downstairs. Arrived at the bottom he paused to think out his next step, murmuring abstractedly over again the words he had already used, "I mun see what they be arter."

Wishing not to frighten away, but to capture the intruders, he did not go directly into the room in which he believed they were, but leaving the house by the back way went quietly round to the front door, holding himself in readiness for anything that might happen. His object was to cut off the marauders' retreat, and catch them in the act.

"It's 'nation mucky," remarked Mr. Smith placidly, as he trudged round the house through the blinding snow. "I dunna know as I ever seed a muckier night." As he recorded this meteorological observation he reached the front door. It was ajar, so he peeped in to see what was going on within.

While Mr. Smith had been attiring himself and making preparations to receive his nocturnal guests, the latter had been equally busy down-stairs.

They were two in number; one was tall and the other short, and the latter seemed to take the lead. They had succeeded in opening, with the assistance of a skeleton key, the cupboard in the wall, and the short man was investigating its contents while the tall man was holding a small bull's-eye lantern.

"'Old it steady, you fool," whispered the former. "'Ere, give it me, and get yourself some sal wolatile, or smelling-salts, or somethink. Ring the bell and ask the genelman of the 'ouse where he keeps his medicine. He allays was a chicken-earted chap," he continued to himself as his companion gave him the lantern and leant back against the wall. "I was a fool ever to trust him in a job." He hunted about amongst the papers and the packets which the cupboard contained, for a while in silence. Suddenly he gave vent to a stifled exclamation of intense astonishment. His partner looked up in mute inquiry and saw him gazing open-mouthed at a dirty old photograph. It was a portrait of a boy of sixteen or thereabouts; the black coat very long in the tails and very short in the sleeves, the gorgeous necktie, the massive and elaborate watch-chain, and still more the fashion of the hair brushed with much care and painful ingenuity low down across the brow, rising in a bold sweep above the temples, and terminating in a broad, smooth feather overshadowing each ear, — each and all of these outward and visible signs betokened the village Brummel dressed in his Sunday best.

"Why, Tommy, it's you!" whispered the short man, "sure as I'm a Christian. It's you, Tommy," he repeated solemnly, "or I'm a d——d Dutchman."

Meanwhile his friend, after one trembling, amazed glance at the photograph, had been plunged in thought. It was indeed true; it was his portrait, taken just before he left his father's house twelve years ago under press of circumstances so urgent that he had not time to say good-bye, nor even to return some few pounds

which his father had been putting by in view of the approaching rent-day. Could it be that the rich, eccentric Mr. Smith, in whose house they then were, was indeed the father whom he had left in poverty that seemed at that time hopeless and helpless? If he had only known, if he had only foreseen this change of circumstance, would he have left that father? Never! That kind father! Dear old dad! Was it too late to return? His eyes turned watery. They were weak by nature, and had a way of filling in moments of excitement in a way which often provoked the wrath of the short man. He was a coarse fellow, that short man; whereas Tommy was a person of infinite susceptibility and tender emotions.

Though the tender recollections which called up the tears to his eyes barely lasted a second, Tommy, having an active brain, felt that second to have been wasted. Dismissing sentiment he braced himself up for action, resolving to play the man and so win his way back to an affectionate parent's heart.

While his late partner still bent over the photograph, he swiftly closed and locked the cupboard which contained his father's wealth, — his father's! to be one day his own! Though he moved as noiselessly as possible, his companion heard him and turned abruptly round. Tommy, caught in the very act of treachery, stood before his friend like a naughty school-boy, watering at the eyes, hiding the key behind his back, and twisting from side to side.

"I allays said you were a sneak, Tommy," whispered the short man. "You allays did sneak, an' you allays will. You'd sneak a poor beggar and you'd sneak the queen or the hemperor of Germany. An' you'll go on sneaking till you sneak yourself into h—! But, Tommy, you daren't sneak me, much as you'd like to. Cause why? Cause I'd have your heart out, Tommy. Now, 'and me over that key."

The trembling Tommy hastened to obey; but in his haste, and with his trembling, the key slipped from his grasp and fell on the floor. The short man stooped to pick it up, and for a moment could not find it. Tommy was seized with a sudden inspiration. He caught up a sharp chisel (used in their trade) which was lying on the table, and madly struck at the back of the short man's neck as he stooped. But alas! Tommy's plans were always happier in conception than in their realization. Even as he struck, his purpose faltered,

and the terrible blow did but in the end graze the skin of his enemy. The next moment, — in far shorter time than it takes to tell, — Tommy was lifted from his feet and laid softly on his back on the floor, softly, to avoid arousing any one in the house. For the same reason a hand was on his mouth, preventing all utterance on his part.

The short man did not give his victim that little speech on things in general which is, we believe, customary in such circumstances. Time was too precious. He did indeed point out to his late friend the curious fulfilment of a prophecy he had recently uttered on the subject of Tommy's ultimate fate, namely, that he would "sneak" himself into the nether world, and that prophecy, he ventured to say, was now on the point of being fulfilled. Then, without any further yielding to garrulity, the short man felt about for the sharp chisel, which had fallen in the struggle.

But in stretching out to get it, he slightly and for a moment relaxed his hold on Tommy's throat. It was Tommy's last chance. Uplifting his voice he cried aloud, with all the energy left him, on his father. "Father!" he cried. "Father! Help! It's me! Tommy."

And lo! his despairing cry was answered. There was a roar in his ears, as though an eighty-ton gun had been fired off in the room. His assailant, the short man, sprang up from over him, and then fell back with a groan; and he himself rising trembling to his feet saw a shadow in front of him, and heard a hoarse voice say, "Tommy! Tommy, lad! Speak, Tommy. Good God, have I killed him? Tommy!"

When the first agitation attendant on the strange reunion of father and son had subsided, both turned to look at the dead man lying across the floor. "What shall we do about him?" said the young man, shuddering. His father for answer threw the tablecloth over the corpse, moving it at the same time nearer to the wall. "Dunna yo' fret about the likes of him, Tommy," he said soothingly. He noticed and wondered at his son's agitation; but attributed it to some highly refined sentiment of humanity, which his own coarser, more brutal nature could not properly appreciate.

Then he revived the fire, and seating his son in front of it he fell to caressing him in a clumsy, timid way; holding one of his hands and patting and stroking it

to express thereby the affection he was unable to put into words. Neither of the two spoke much. The old man made occasional references to the times previous to their separation, and to his loneliness during the last twelve years; but to the events which had just occurred he made no allusion. Some instinct warned him not to inquire too closely what had brought his son on the scene of action at that particular crisis. It was enough for him that he had come and had been nearly killed in defence of his father's property. "He 'ouldn't see his old faither robbed, and he fought like a lion," the old man remarked to himself, as he pottered about getting fresh coal for the fire, and busying himself in other such ways. But though he derived great comfort to himself from these private eulogies of his son's valor, he never seemed able to express this admiration of his conduct to the young man in person. With him all he could do was to stroke his hand, or occasionally, for a change, the sleeve of his coat.

Tommy himself was equally silent and ill at ease. Divers emotions will at once occur to the reader, each a sufficient explanation of his taciturnity; remorse for the past, prayerfulness for the future, thankfulness for his own rescue from imminent death, horror at the fate which had overtaken his late associate, re-awakened love for this father so full of love and forgiveness for him,—these and other kindred emotions, the reader will imagine, were filling the young man's heart. We have said that Tommy was ever open to emotion; and we doubt not that in time and in the absence of distracting anxieties, he would have keenly felt each and all of these gentle influences. But at this present moment his soul was full of a trouble, very big and very near at hand, which called for immediate action, and occupied all his thoughts. So while he submitted passively to his father's caresses, and answered his questions in monosyllables, he was all the time turning this problem over and over in his mind, seeking for a solution.

At last the solution came. He heaved a great sigh, and turned to see what his companion was doing. The poor old man, a little dismayed at his son's silence, had been casting about in what fresh, untried way he might prove the reality of his joy and love. Words failed him from the outset; deeds so far had suggested themselves only in the form of the rude caresses already described; but to continue these with any spirit some response from the

beloved object is desirable, and even so they grow monotonous. At last a bright idea struck the old man. Going to the cupboard he extracted the very roll of banknotes which had been the bone of contention earlier in the evening, and put them shyly into the hands of the young man.

Tommy's thoughtfulness had rather chilled the old man, and he spoke with considerable reserve and affected indifference; but he looked wistfully enough into his face. Would this son of his never melt? Would he not for some little short space, some half-hour at least, open his heart and give his love to the father, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this hour through so many weary years?

"Be 'appen, yo' dunna know as I'm a rich man now, Tommy?" he said, smiling faintly. "But I've saved it all for yo', Tommy, cause yo'n got to show all these folk about 'ere, ay, and in Lonnen town, as 'ow yo' be as good as the best on 'em. Owld Jack Smith never boasted to be much good at anything; but there's mony a good cock comes out on a ragged bag; and, Tommy, dunna yo' be afeared as 'ow your owld faither will come and spoil sport. Your gentlefolk friends shanna never see me, to thraw me in your teeth, lad. Dunna yo' be afeared. I'll keep quiet-like, down 'ere, and you'll come and see me now and again, wunna yo', Tommy?"

But Tommy even now made no answer save a short yes. And the reason was, not that he was sullen or indifferent to this proffered affection, but simply that he was considering how the offer of the money fitted into his plans, and whether there was any objection to his taking it. Perhaps if it had been necessary for him to win back his father's affection for himself, he would have been demonstrative enough; as it was, with the old man so plainly devoted to him, any outlay of affection on his part would have been obviously so much dissipated energy; and part of Tommy's philosophy was never to dissipate his energy. So he took the money, and then, declaring he was tired, proposed they should both go to sleep, curling himself up on a bench by way of setting the example. This was so obviously the sensible thing to do after the exertions of the last hour, that his father reproached himself for repining at the proposal; but he did repine and feel hurt nevertheless; that one night he thought they might have done without sleep. However he offered no objections; good-

nights, cold and restrained on either side, were exchanged, and silence reigned.

But the old man could not sleep. His heart was too heavy within him, and allowed his brain no rest. He lay and stared at the fire for a long time, till that became a mere blurred indistinct smudge; for his eyes were filling and overflowing, and filling again with big, scalding tears. There was a great lump in his throat which nearly choked him. To have given free vent to his grief, to have cried and sobbed aloud, would have relieved him; but that he dared not do for fear of waking his son. So he lay on his bench, and with the sleeve of his coat wiped away the tears, as they coursed silently down his cheeks.

At last he could bear the restraint no longer. Raising himself cautiously on his elbow he looked up the bench on the opposite side of the fireplace, where the young man was lying, apparently in a sound sleep. The father crept stealthily, timidly, to his son's side, and gazed into his face; then trembling at his own temerity he kissed him lightly on the forehead. The sleeper made no movement. Kneeling by his side, the father in whispering accents and broken tones, with his hands gripped together, and the tears streaming down his face, laid bare his heart. In words which we will not repeat here, rude, colorless, insufficient words, simple, artless, piteous words, wild, unintelligible, broken words, mingling the tale of his own great love with prayers for love to be given him in return, alternating tender reminiscences of the past with entreaties for the future, — in suchlike fond and foolish fashion this old man lamented over his son, as David over Absalom; but Absalom was dead, whereas Tommy was but — asleep.

However this outbreak, otherwise reprehensible, had one good effect. It at once relieved and exhausted the old man, who shortly afterwards fell into a broken sleep.

If the reader has been weary of this last episode, and waiting impatiently for this sentimental old fool to have done with his melodramatics, he shares and can sympathize with the feelings of our friend Tommy. Indeed if merely to read of the hysterical effusions of a doting old father over the recumbent form of a prodigal son be tedious, what must be the tedium of one who has to play the part of the prodigal, and keep up the pretence of slumbering through it all to boot? Believe me, Tommy raised a heartfelt song of thanks-

giving to heaven when his father at last subsided to sleep; for Tommy was in his way rather a devout young man.

It was essential to him that the old man should go to sleep, and that soon; because it was essential to his safety that he should leave the place before the dead body of his late friend, the short man, was found, and before inquiries, awkward to himself, were made. He must go, and go to-night; for, knowing his father as he did, he foresaw that he would refuse to part with him at any risk. There was no alternative but that he should disappear at once, as quietly as he came; wait till the matter had blown over, and then rejoin his father, when they would live happy ever after.

He had carefully considered the matter, and been forced to this conclusion. It was not for his own pleasure that he went, he informed his imaginary detractors indignantly. He would sooner not go, for many reasons; amongst others, that he was tired, and that it was a wretched snowy night to spend out of doors. Besides he had his natural affections as well as others, and it pained him very much to be leaving so soon a fond parent whom he had only just found anew, and found moreover in such comfortable worldly circumstances.

He argued himself into the idea that he was in fact sacrificing himself on the altar of duty, and possessed by this comfortable delusion, felt quite a glow of manly devotion passing through him; but Tommy is not the first person who has cherished the illusion that some wholly self-interested action, because it contains an element of discomfort, is therefore highly meritorious, and indeed in some way heroic.

The bull's-eye lantern which Tommy and his friend had brought with them was still lying on a chair; it would evidently be useful for a nocturnal journey, but to get it Tommy had to pass close by the dead man. He shuddered as he did so, and was hurrying away, when a sudden thought struck him, suggested by the sight of the corpse. He fetched his father's pocket-handkerchief (which was lying in the old man's half-closed hand, with which indeed he had been wiping away the last remaining tears as he dropped off to sleep) and deliberately, if somewhat daintily — for he was really a gentle soul and much disliked the sight of bloodshed — dabbed it in the spilt blood. Conveying the dripping rag back to where his father was lying, he shook and flicked it over and about the old man's clothes and person, until they were stained to his satisfaction. This was a mere act of precaution. He

had no reason to believe that his father would seek to transfer the responsibility for the deed committed that night from off his own shoulders; indeed Tommy believed and trusted that he would not be tempted to do so, but would be easily able to explain and justify the homicide; still, it was well to be on the safe side, so the young man, being unavoidably prevented from attending the inquest, took this means of indicating, to any who might be interested, who had killed the man. And having paid this last attention to his parent, he went his way into the darkness.

The old man's sleep was but a troubled one, and presently he awoke. His first act on doing so was to look round for his son. And his son was gone!

I believe that he knew the worst from that very moment, for a wild, mad look came into his face. I believe that it was only as an idle formality that he called his son's name once and again, to assure himself that he was not in the house. I believe that at that very moment the scales fell from his eyes, and he knew his son for what he was.

For he rose trembling to his feet, and flinging up both hands to heaven, shrieked out curses on the man, until, exhausted by the awful violence of his passion, which tore and rent him as the devils of old time tore those whom they possessed, he sank in a heap on the floor in a storm of sobs and tears of impotent rage, not of any gentler emotion.

This last blow had indeed completely upset his mental balance. There had been a tinge of madness in his blind, obstinate devotion to the false idol which he had set up; and now that the idol lay shattered at his feet, his brain had given way beneath the shock. His love for, and belief in, his son had been the one real thing of his life, and now that was gone. He was alone in the wide world. King Lear had at least the faithful fool left to him; he had no one.

He sprang up and rushed headlong from the house into the dark night, into the blinding storm. He neither knew nor cared whither he was going. An ill-defined idea of wreaking vengeance on some one possessed him, and he scrambled along through the deep snow, taking no heed to his steps. His house lay near the bottom of an unclosed hill some way from the town, and it was up the side of this hill that he was now fighting his way. The storm increased in violence, the higher he got; the wind came howling down and strove to beat him back; the

snow lashed him about the face and hands, curling and spinning round him like a great whip; hatless and clad but in the scanty clothing which he had huddled on when he hurried down-stairs, the bitter, biting cold was gnawing its way to his very heart; yet still he battled on. There was a storm in the old man's soul which rendered him insensible to the warring of the elements without, insensible to the cruel cold.

After that first mad outbreak of wild words, he had kept silence. He had not the art to express his feelings in language. Speech is more of an accomplishment than people think. Even over the cultured in times of sore distress the elemental instincts of our common nature resume their sway, and they "turn their faces to the wall." So the old man, taught of nature, suffered in silence; and perhaps the mute appeal of his inarticulate misery prevailed more with God than many words. For surely it was he who sent relief to the tired spirit; relief first in the form of physical exhaustion, gift most blessed of all gifts bestowed on suffering humanity, without which the horrible possibilities of illimitable agony would be a prospect too awful to face; but here a limit has been fixed beyond which poor suffering humanity may not suffer; here pain and anguish, grief and misery, are told, "Thus far may ye go and no further;" and this limit reached, thanks be to God, even death himself is powerless to terrify or affright, and comes rather as a welcome guest, bringing peace.

A foretaste of which peace came even now to the old man. Arrived in the lee of an overhanging rock, his steps, which had been growing this long time ever feebler and feebler, failed entirely, and he sank half unconscious to the earth. The place where he lay was sheltered from the wind, and the snowflakes no longer fell in the old fierce fashion, but softly, tenderly, reverently, as though they knew the solemn task imposed on them, and sorrowed for the knowledge. Tenderly and reverently they wrapped him round in a fair white shroud; and softly kissing him left him still sleeping.

Sleeping and dreaming pleasant dreams. He was amongst his young friends in the town, and Tommy, the long-expected Tommy, was by his side, and there was not one among them who could compare with his son. See how they all pressed round to get a word with him. But Tommy laughingly put them all aside, and putting his old father's arm in his they two walked

off together. . . . Nay, they were still in the old farm, the old home. Tommy had never left him at all; it had all been an ugly dream. Nothing but an ugly dream. An ugly, ay, a vile, lying, cruel dream. . . . The happier, then, the awakening!

So he passed into the undiscovered country, whose secrets no man knows. What awaits him there, who can say? One thing, however, may one not remember? That which was said long ago of one, whose sins, though they were many, were forgiven, because she loved much.

And what became of Tommy? Let me hasten to put the reader's mind at rest. That much enduring young man came triumphantly out of his difficulties, and met at last with the good fortune which a person of his fine sentiments deserved. He appeared on the scene some few weeks after his father's decease, stating that he had only just heard of the melancholy event. His grief at the loss he had suffered was most affecting. With tears in his eyes, he claimed his father's property as the next of kin, and having secured that, went weeping away from the place. Prostrated by the violence of his emotion he hardly seemed to know where he had come from, or whither he was going. What has since become of him is utterly unknown.

From Temple Bar.

JAMES SMITH.

"If ready wit were ready cash,
How rich James Smith would be!"
Praed.

"If," said Garrick, "you increase the size of Drury Lane ten feet there will be no difference between me and Tom Davies!" Mrs. Siddons said that all her *great* effects were produced in Garrick's little, old Drury Lane. (Malone, the Shakespearian critic, said he could neither see nor hear in the new house.)

Little, old Drury Lane, built by Wren, had a prosperous existence of one hundred and seventeen years when it was condemned to destruction, and a magnificent theatre, designed by the architect Holland, was erected in its place. It opened on the twenty-first of April, 1794, with "Macbeth," in which Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble appeared. An epilogue by George Colman was spoken by Miss Farren, in which the wondrous advantages of the new theatre were described. It was to last forever:—

Blow wind, come rack, in ages still unborn,
Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn.

One thing was certain, the theatre could not be destroyed by fire. There was an iron curtain between the stage and the audience, which descended, leaving Miss Farren between the lamps and the curtain; the fair speaker assuring the audience with great solemnity,—

No, we assure our generous benefactors,
'Twill only burn the scenery and actors.

A new audience of "generous benefactors" might easily have been found, but the destruction of such actors as Miss Farren, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, and John Kemble would have eclipsed the gaiety of the nation. Then a wherry appeared on the stage rowed by a real live man, whilst the band struck up, "And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman," and Miss Farren assured the audience she could drown them in a single minute. Miss Farren's glorious promises were followed by very inadequate performances. Within fifteen years of the opening of this indestructible building, a lurid light spread over London, and the cry was, "The playhouse is in flames." All the appliances of safety proved abortive. The "jolly young waterman" did not put in an appearance on this interesting occasion. "It was," James Smith tells us, "just like the scene that took place in "Speed the Plough," between Sir Abel Handy and his son Bob, when the castle was on fire."

Bob. Where's your patent liquid for extinguishing fire?

Sir A. It is not mixed.

Bob. Then where's your patent fire-escape?

Sir A. It is not fixed.

Bob. You are never at a loss?

Sir A. Never.

Bob. Then what do you mean to do?

Sir A. I don't know.

The destruction of the indestructible theatre was quickly followed by the erection of the present Drury Lane Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. Whitbread, the chairman of the committee, who on the 14th of August, 1812, advertised for an address to be spoken at the opening of the theatre, which was to take place on October the 10th. Immediately the advertisement was seen everybody who could write or thought he could write poetry began to scribble. One hundred and twelve addresses were the result of the appeal, each sealed and signed and mottoed "as per order." Some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of

no talent. In most of the addresses there was an allusion to a phoenix. Mr. Whitbread, whom Sydney Smith termed the great fermentator of Chiswell Street, was said to be a competitor, and Sheridan told Lord Byron that in his poem, "Whitbread made more use of the phoenix than any of them; he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail; in short it was a *poulterer's* description of a phoenix."

Amongst the competitors was Horace, the youngest son of Robert Smith, solicitor to the ordnance; it became a rejected address, and the only remarkable thing about it was that there is not the slightest allusion to a phoenix. James, the elder brother, was in his father's office, and in conjunction with Horace, adopted a suggestion of Mr. Ward, secretary of Drury Lane, to write an imitation of the "rejected addresses." All the addresses were attributed to one or other of the distinguished poets of the time. We think the poem of Horace in imitation of Walter Scott was the best.

So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten thousand voices spoke —
"The playhouse is in flames!"
And, lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane;
Blushes each spout in Market Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell;
The tennis-court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

When the book was completed a difficulty arose, "What shall we do with it?" The writers did not find it easy to dispose of it, although nothing was asked for the copyright. It was refused by several of the most eminent publishers. They waited on one in Bond Street who was found in a back parlor, with his gouty leg propped upon a cushion, in spite of which warning he was diluting his luncheon with frequent glasses of Madeira.

"What have you already written?" was his first question, an interrogatory to which we had been subjected in almost every instance. "Nothing by which we can be known."
"Then I am afraid to undertake the publica-

tion." We presumed timidly to suggest that every writer must have a beginning, and that to refuse to publish for him until he had acquired a name, was to imitate the sapient mother who cautioned her son against going into the water until he could swim. "An old joke—a regular Joe!" exclaimed our companion, topping off another bumper. "Still older than Joe Miller," was our reply; "for, if we mistake not, it is the very first anecdote in the *facetiæ* of Hierocles." "Ha, sirs!" resumed the bibliopoliſt, "you are learned, are you? So, so! Well, leave your manuscript with me; I will look it over to-night, and give you an answer to-morrow." Punctual as the clock we presented ourselves at his door the following morning, when our papers were returned to us with the observation: "These trifles are really not deficient in smartness. They are well, vastly well for beginners; but they will never do—never. They would not pay for advertising, and without it I should not sell fifty copies."

Publishers are liable to error. Charlotte Brontë's "Professor" met with a sorry reception, the names of the publishers who rejected it were written on the parcel wandering about London in vain. "Jane Eyre" was at once accepted by Messrs. Smith & Elder. Sir James Shuttleworth said that he was the first to discover who the writer of the book was, and crossed the hills into Yorkshire and went into the Haworth parsonage, and greeted Charlotte Brontë as Jane Eyre!

At last a good Samaritan was found in Mr. Miller, a dramatic publisher in Bow Street, Covent Garden, who agreed to publish the book and to give the authors half-profits, *should there be any*. The result of the publication was astounding, especially to the authors, edition after edition was called for, and the fame of James and Horace for a time eclipsed the fame of Sydney and Bobus. Lady Cork asked them to visit her menagerie, but the authors replied that they were engaged to perform conjuring tricks at a fair. Horace does not seem to have cared for society, but James soon entered it under the most favorable auspices. He became an *habitué* of Lydia White's salon, where he met Byron, Walter Scott, Moore, and everybody worth knowing in London. Miss Lydia White was renowned for her little dinners in Park Street; she was very clever, and once put down the redoubtable Sydney Smith, who was dining with her and groaning over the prospects of his party. "Yes," said Sydney, "we are in a most deplorable condition; we must do something to help ourselves; I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin." This was pointedly addressed to Lydia White,

who, at once recognizing the allusion to Iphigenia, answered, "I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to *raise the wind*."

Lord Byron was delighted with James Smith's imitation of his poetry. "Tell him," he wrote to Mr. Murray, "I forgive him were he twenty times my satirist." The first two lines of the satirist were prophetic:—

Sated of home, of wife and children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam.

Sir Walter Scott said of the description of the burning of Drury Lane, "I must have written these lines myself, but I do not remember when." The most amusing appreciation of the "Addresses" was that of a Leicestershire clergyman: "I do not see why these addresses should have been rejected; they seem to me to be very good."

Lord Byron at that time wore a very narrow cravat of white sarsnet, with the shirt collar falling over it, a black coat and waistcoat, and very broad white trousers, to hide his lame foot; these were of Russia duck in the morning, and jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat. His face was void of color; he wore no whiskers. His eyes were grey, fringed with long black lashes, and his air was imposing, but rather supercilious.

There have been many different versions of Lord Byron's lameness. Lord Byron, though he never danced, was a proficient at cricket, for he played in the Eton and Harrow match, and we believe actually bowled on that occasion.

The writer never heard him allude to his deformed foot except upon one occasion, when, entering the green-room of Drury Lane, he found Lord Byron alone, the younger Byrne and Miss Smith, the dancer, having just left him, after an angry conference about a *pas seul*. "Had you been here a minute sooner," said Lord B., "you would have heard a question about dancing referred to me—me!" (looking mournfully downward) "whom fate from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step."

James Smith had the good fortune to meet the Countess Guiccioli at Gore House, and very nearly succeeded in eliciting an interesting avowal respecting her relations with Lord Byron. The countess talked of Leigh Hunt, whom she called *Leg Honte*, and said that Shelley was a good man. Her revelations were continually interrupted by the arrival of visitors who knew her, when she said, "Bai and bai."

I said nothing for a moment or two, and then observed that I had read and heard much upon the subject she had been discussing, but that I did not know how she and Lord Byron first became acquainted. She looked at me a moment as if wondering at my audacity, and then said, with a good-humored smile, "Well, I will tell you. I was one day——" But here the drawing-room door opened, and some Frenchman with a foreign order was announced. The lady repeated her "Bai and bai" *sotto voce*, but, unfortunately, that "bai and bai" never arrived. The foreigner, unluckily, knew the countess. He, therefore, planted himself in a chair behind her, and held her ever and anon in a commonplace kind of conversation during the remainder of the evening. Count d'Orsay set me down in Craven Street. "What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?" he inquired. "She was telling me her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address." "What! it took her all that time to say that? Ah, Smith, you old humbug, that won't do!"

Dean Marlay, the uncle of Grattan, it is related, gave the nicest little dinners, and kept the best company in Dublin. He had only £400 a year. When he became a bishop, he gave great dinners chiefly to people of rank and fashion (foolish men and foolish women); and his parties lost all their charm. A friend of James Smith used to give nice little dinners for eight, where wits used to enjoy themselves, but the host was not happy, he wanted a larger dining-room.

I had the honor to be invited to the very first dinner that was given in the new apartment. Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer were of the party. "Very good milk," said I to myself, "but I dread the inundation of water." Accordingly the knocker began to reverberate with sounds that actually startled the lean courser of a solitary dandy who was yet braving the north-easter in Hyde Park, although all sober Christians had long since ridden home to dress. Then came Lord and Lady Walross, Mrs. and the two Misses Stubbs, the Wentworths, Tom Asgill, in tight pantaloons, Mr. and Mrs. Hood, or Wood, or Gude, I never could ascertain which. There was also a fat, red-faced Major Meredith, and a tall man in blue, with a cork leg! In short, we were gathered together to the number of twenty-one. Talbot, full of glee at the immense army which he had brought into the field, handed down Lady Walross, and I brought up the rear with the junior Miss Stubbs. I should have observed, that while Talbot could only accommodate eight, he had eight as comfortable morocco chairs as man could wish to sit upon. These were now discarded in order to accommodate twenty-two, and a set of miserable tottering narrow cane-

backed concerns were substituted, which I can only compare to those tall, unhappy, perpendicular articles upon which (Orpheus alone knows why) growing girls are condemned to sit at the piano. I tried to preserve my balance, and succeeded, but not until I had fallen into the lap of Mrs. Stubbs, while Mr. Wood, or Hood, or Gude, paid a similar compliment to the tall man in blue with the cork leg.

There was a confused talk about turbot, Madame Pasta, champagne, hock, Rosini, Walter Scott, brown bread, ice, and the new buildings in Regent's Park; but as for Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer, they might as well have been immured in the catacombs. The host saw the failure, but attributed it to Lord Walross. "That stupid Lord Walross," groaned the host, "spoil the party with his everlasting improvements at Rose Hill Park." But he still went in for large dinner-parties, and the wits sought consolation elsewhere.

James Smith was a pleasant letter-writer, but not many of his letters are preserved. A few of them, written to his friend Mrs. Torre Holme, have been published, which give a good idea of the life which he led in his old age. In one of them there is the following account of how he passed his Sundays:—

I breakfast at nine. With a mind undisturbed by matters of business, I then write to you or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diabolized (that word is not a bad coinage), do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join in a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of merchants, lawyers, members of Parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the three per cent. consols (some of us preferring Dutch two and a half per cents.), and speculate upon the probable size, shape, and cost of the intended New Royal Exchange. If Lady Harrington* happen to drive past our bow window, we compare her equipage to the Algerine ambassador; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives, alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six o'clock the room begins to be deserted, wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, "Haunch of mutton and apple tart!" Those viands despatched with no accompanying liquid save water, I mount upward to the library; take a book and my seat in the armchair, and read till nine; then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resume my book till eleven, afterwards return home to bed.

* Formerly Miss Foote.

James Smith was once asked if he were a Conservative. "Yes," he answered, "my crutches remind me that I am no longer a member of the movement party."

James Smith, though a martyr to the gout, was a very temperate man. Sir James Aylett, a grumbling member of the Union, seeing him with a half-pint bottle of sherry before him, eyed his cruet with contempt and exclaimed, "So, I see *you* have got one of those cursed life preservers."

In another letter to Mrs. Torre Holme there are some sensible remarks on the art of living:—

You remember our visit at Raven's Court House. I set out to join the party on a delightful morning in a tilbury. The open air, the easy motion of the vehicle, the expectation of what was to ensue, and a perfectly healthy state of body, joined to produce feelings of perfect felicity, which, like angels' visits, are few and far between. Perhaps it was wisely ordained that such sensations should not follow each other too closely, or they would become comparatively tasteless. The rich and the great are generally strangers to all this, because they do not husband their resources. I have sometimes observed a baked dinner carrying home to the proprietor, consisting of a piece of beef, potatoes, and a Yorkshire pudding, and I have said to myself: "The owner of that need not envy Lord Sefton. Hunger is better than a French cook." This culinary image reminds me of an anecdote. Lord Hertford, Croker, and myself, were at an exhibition of pictures. One of them, a domestic scene, I think, by Mulready, represented a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "That fellow is a fool," observed Lord Hertford; "he does not see what an excellent broil he may have."

James Smith was as fond of London as Dr. Johnson, and sympathized with Jekyll who said that if he lived in the country he would employ a hackney coach to keep driving before his residence. Dr. Mosley said he was half distracted whenever he went into the country by the noise of nothing! James Smith tells a story of an unfortunate citizen who was found in the winter shivering in lodgings on the east cliff at Brighton. "What stress of weather brought *you* here," said a friend. "It was not stress of weather," groaned the unhappy sufferer, "it was stress of wife." We are afraid this kind of stress leads men into strange places.

Who has not heard of the Duke of Buckingham, who was driven from London to Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, by the great plague?

On the abatement of that scourge, in the autumn of the same year, the duke made preparations for returning to his favorite Mall in St. James's Park. His rural tenants waited upon him in a body to bewail his departure, and respectfully asked when they might hope to see him again. "Not till the next plague," answered his grace. The same duke, by the way, thus execrated a dog that had offended him. "Get along with you for a rascally cur! Ah, I wish you were married and settled in the country!"

The late Duke of Queensberry, James Smith writes, must be well remembered by most middle-aged inhabitants of the metropolis. Often, he adds, has my disembodied shade flitted under Lord William Gordon's wall, opposite the veteran's Piccadilly residence, to gaze upon him, with his straw hat, green parasol, and nankeen trousers bleached by repeated ablutions. "Does not your Grace find London very empty?" bawled a morning visitor in his soundest ear, on the fifteenth day of a hot September. "Yes," answered the duke; "but it is fuller than the country."

The house inhabited by the Duke of Queensberry has recently been destroyed. We recollect "Lord William Gordon's wall." Lord William lived in the Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park. The fountain belonging to it still exists in the walk opposite Down Street. There are pleasant seats in this walk, where you can look upon the trees of the old garden, and listen to the roar of Piccadilly.

James Smith writes very amusingly about the new squares which were then being built in London, north of Bloomsbury Square. The sight of Mecklenburgh Square, where Mr. Sala used to write his charming "Echoes of the Week" (when will he begin them again?), is stated to have been discovered by a gentleman, when his gig was towed several hundred leagues out of his course, by an affrighted steed, on a voyage along the New Road. Finding the air temperate, in imitation of the surviving mutineers of the Bounty our adventurer established a colony there, which those who have touched at it lately describe as being in a flourishing condition.

Bloomsbury Square was ever looked upon by me with tenderness and respect. I remember, when a boy, seeing the late Duke of Bedford turn into his residence there, in a travelling chariot drawn by four horses. The mansion of his grace stood on the north side of the square; it was enc'osed within a wall that extended the whole length of that side of the square, with a stone sphinx at either end

of it. The house itself, at least the outside of it, was, to be sure, in a shabby dilapidated condition; but it commanded a charming view behind of the Highgate and Hampstead hills, with a side glance at Baltimore House, then in the fields, and afterwards the residence of Sir Vicary Gibbs. It has brick and mortar enough in its vicinity now to build half a hundred Towers of Babel. Here, too, dwelt the celebrated Lord Mansfield, the present earl's great uncle in two senses, not to mention the late Lord Ellenborough, and several puisne judges, who have since thought fit to migrate towards the *terra incognita* of Russell Square.

The new colonies established, continued to flourish until the colony of Tyburnia was established, when there was an extraordinary emigration of judges, lawyers, and merchants to the new diggings.

James Smith, when a young man, tells us that he almost lived at the theatre. He was a frequenter of the green room, and made the acquaintance of all the chief actors and actresses. He was a great friend of Miss Pope, the *protégée* of Kitty Clive, Horace Walpole's neighbor at Twickenham. Miss Pope was a charming actress, and took the parts afterwards acted by Mrs. Jordan. She was the original Mrs. Candour in "The School for Scandal." Speaking of Mrs. Clive, —

"She was one of my earliest and best friends," said Miss Pope. "I usually spent a month with her during the summer recess, at her cottage adjoining Horace Walpole's villa at Strawberry Hill. One fine morning I set off in the Twickenham passage-boat to pay her a visit. When we came to Vauxhall, I took out a book and began to read. 'Oh, ma'am,' said one of the watermen, 'I hoped we were to have the pleasure of hearing you talk.' I took the hint," added the benevolent lady, "and put up my book." "She asked me if I remembered Horace Walpole. I could only say, as Pope said of Dryden, '*Virgilium tantum vidi*.' The only time I ever beheld him was when I went, about the year 1793, in Undy's passage-boat to Twickenham. He was standing upon the lawn in front of his house. He *could* be very pleasant," said Miss Pope. "He often came to drink tea with us at Mrs. Clive's cottage; and he *could* be very unpleasant." "In what way?" said I. "Oh, very snarling and sarcastic!" was the answer.

The character of Miss Pope drawn by James Smith is very pleasant reading.

Charles Mathews was staying at Abbotsford just before the crash, and Sir Walter Scott in his diary compares his singing to that of James Smith. We had the good fortune to hear both in the year 1835 (Charles Mathews was not then on the stage), and we certainly preferred the

younger singer. James Smith was at that time old and gouty, but still he sang with surprising vigor. His favorite song was entitled "Surnames," proving that they go by rule of contrary. We give an extract:—

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,

Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,

Mr. Coward was winged in a duel.
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig,
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lyon let fierce Mr. Lamb
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,

(A conduct well worthy of Nero)
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heaviside danced a bolero.

James Smith suffered some trouble from his surname. Sydney Smith is reported to have named his sons Douglas and Wyndham, not that he had any connection with those noble families, but to distinguish them from the other Smiths. James Smith, when a solicitor, was very much troubled by another James Smith who came to live in the same house. Deeds and confidential secrets went to the wrong Smith. James Smith determined to put an end to the dilemma, and told the new arrival he must leave. "Why should I leave?" said the intruder. "Because," said James Smith, "you are James the second, and must abdicate." There is something in a name. The Duke of Newcastle, of boroughmongering celebrity, was once asked for a day's fishing by a newly arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle cannot comply with Mr. Nose's request. P.S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

James Smith was very proud of a classical epigram he wrote on the adventures of Æneas:—

Virgil, whose epic song enthral's,
(And who in song is greater?)
Throughout his Trojan hero calls
Now "pius" and now "pater."

But when, the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him "Dux Trojanus."

And well he alters there the word:

For, in this station, sure
"Pius" Æneas were absurd,
And "pater" premature.

"Macbeth" at the Lyceum has produced a great commotion amongst actors, critics, and the general public. Mr. Quilter of the *Universal Review* has rushed into the fray, and is belaboring the critics for their flunkeyism to the Great Panjandrum, Mr. Irving. We do not think this accusation is just, because certainly the majority of the critics have found some fault with the acting of Macbeth, and declare that they have not seen a Lady Macbeth.

James Smith gives an amusing description of an amateur, who, fired with theatrical ardor, procured an engagement, and became an actor at a minor theatre, and was delighted when Macbeth was announced on the play-bills, imagining he was to act the chief part.

"Oh, Macbeth! that is my next part; but I wish they would not expect me to play it upon opera nights. Macbeth was a thorough gentleman. It is true he killed his friend Banquo, and did not behave quite hospitably to King Duncan; but still he was a thorough gentleman. John Kemble was always too frigid in it, and Garrick wanted height. Yes, Garrick was a punchy little fellow, and dressed the character in scarlet breeches. Macbeth is nothing without figure." On his return home, he found that the messenger, whose duty it is to distribute the parts of the play next in representation, had been at his residence, and had left a manuscript for his perusal. It lay upon his breakfast-table, and the word "Macbeth" was written in a fair, legible hand upon the outside cover. "Oh, here it is!" cried he carelessly,—

"A happy prologue to the swelling act
Of this imperial theme."

So saying, he opened the fly-leaf, and read "Mr. Thackeray—Macbeth, *The Bleeding Captain*." "What!" exclaimed the astonished *débutant*, when he was able to resume his breath; "me—expect me to act the bleeding captain? Expect a perfect gentleman to stagger on with two cuts on his forehead, and one on his cheek, to tell that stupid old fool Duncan what a number of men his two generals had knocked on the head? I won't do it. There must be some mistake."

Mistake there was none, and the amateur resigned rather than accept the part. According to tradition, Macbeth ought to be represented as a hero driven by listening to the devilish prophecies of the witches, and the still more devilish suggestions of his wife, to commit a horrid murder; he was brave, except when the supernatural intervened.

The eminent critic, George Lewes, ac-

a brutal truism. We do not wish to follow the example of a gentleman, who, whilst the Betty mania was raging, got up in the stage box and offered to prove that the youth did not understand Shakespeare (it was quite true). "Silence!" was the cry, but he still proceeded. "Turn him out!" was the next ejaculation. He still vociferated, "He does not understand Shakespeare," and was hustled into the lobby. "I'll prove it to you," said the critic to the door-keeper. "Prove what, sir?" "That he does not understand Shakespeare." James Smith was present in the stage box and describes the scene. We will only therefore refer to Macready's description of John Kemble's last appearance. He acted tamely until the fifth act, when the news was brought, "The queen, my lord, is dead," then he seemed struck to the heart, he sighed out, "She should have died hereafter." Then, as if with the inspiration of despair, he hurried out distinctly and pathetically the beautiful lines, beginning "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," rising to a climax of desperation that brought down enthusiastic cheers. We saw the last appearance of Charles Kemble in the part, he was not a strong Macbeth, but his chivalrous bearing in the fifth act, his exquisite reading of the poetry, carried the house by storm. He acted above himself.

James Smith never married; we rather believe he considered "marriage a failure," like Praed's Quince, "Woman he thought a pretty thing, but never could abide a ring." A friend of ours visited him in his last illness, when his faithful housekeeper entered the room with "Pray, Mr. Smith, when will you take your physic?" "Mark that," said James Smith, "if I had married there might have been a masculine female coming in with 'Now, Smith, take your physic.'" A friend married a widow, Sam Weller's warning not having then appeared. James Smith went to visit the happy pair, and espied in the drawing-room a Bible and Prayer-book of Patagonian dimensions. Whenever people are super-religious, it is sure to break out in quarto. A row soon took place, Sunday dinners were forbidden, the lady went off to France, and her Evangelical friends termed the ill-used husband an atheist. James Smith once suffered from nightmare:—

Horrid dream last night, viz., that I was engaged to be married. Some politic arrangement. Introduced to my bride, a simpering young woman, with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off (*codite que*

codite), when, to my inexpressible relief, I awoke.

In the spring of 1839, James Smith was suffering from a violent attack of influenza and gout, and was condemned to five months' confinement, and his recovery was slow.

I have not yet been able to venture out. Perhaps by Thursday next I may get to one of the clubs, but not like Le Sage's lame devil, on two crutches. People are so sympathizing. They seem to care so much, and they really care so little. Besides, according to my theory, sickness is humiliation. I hope you, however, do not go the length of Charles Lamb: "People in general don't like sick persons. I frankly own I hate them."

Towards the close of the year he experienced a relapse, under which he sank so rapidly that his recovery was not to be expected. His nearest relations pressed to be admitted, that they might nurse and solace him; but he adhered inflexibly to the rule he had laid down, and declined all assistance, except from the faithful housekeeper who had been twenty-five years in his service. He died, writes Horace Smith, with all the calmness of a philosopher, though he was anxious to be spared a painful or protracted exit, on the 24th December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in the vaults of St. Martin's Church.

James Smith had no desire for a prolonged existence, as he testifies in verse:

World, in thy ever busy mart,
I've acted no unnoticed part;

Would I resume it? Oh, no!

Four acts are done, the jest grows stale,
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks, *Cui bono*.

I fear not, Fate, thy pendent shears,
There are who pray for length of years,
To them, not me, allot 'em.

Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway a palatable drink,

And wormwood at the bottom.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A FRIEND to whose criticism I submitted some part of what I had written on this subject, said at once to me: "All that you have said is very true; and true not only of the States, but of that part of South America and South Africa with which I am acquainted. But when people read it, they will say at once that you are a disappointed man, that you have been

badly hit yourself, and are running down the country for that reason." To which I replied: "I have not been badly hit myself, though that has been to a great extent through luck; but I *am* a disappointed man, and so will every one be who comes to the States to farm. If I put forward the darker side of the question, it is because that side needs most observation. There are already too many alluring accounts of farming in the States before the English public."

In fact, my excuse for writing at all is that very little of what is written deals with this darker side of the real work before the emigrant; nor is it written by men in any sense conversant with the subject.

With the exception of pamphlets and circulars of emigration agents, almost the only readable books on colonial life and farming in the United States are written by moneyed men travelling for amusement in search of game, pleasure, or the picturesque. Such men stop at the best hotels in the large towns; they travel *en grand seigneur* through the wild country, and its discomforts are to them only novelties and the subject for jest. They go into malarious places at the healthy time of year. It is seldom that they have been sufficiently long in any section of country to gauge its capacities and wants; and even if so, they still view from the standpoint of the *dilettante* stranger. They have not that intimate acquaintance with poverty, that gripping knowledge of economy, without which nothing that is written can be of real use to intending emigrants.

For to farm for a living and not for amusement, acts as a tonic to a man's pen, cleanses his literary system from those hasty generalities which especially mislead, and braces his insight into the practical details which make the difference between success and failure.

Whether it results from bashfulness or from a fear of exposing their own follies, or whether they are too busy to write, I cannot say. But it is a fact that few emigrants ever reveal the secret of colonial masonry. Yet they ought to be the men to warn others rather than emigration agents, or men who make a living by taking premiums for placing boys in temporary homes to learn farming. When one considers the natural leaning which emigration agents must have in favor of emigration, it is hardly surprising that they are not, as a class, exceptionally truthful. I do not mean to say that they wilfully tell downright lies, but their circulars and

pamphlets abound with the *suppression veri*. They set forth carefully everything which tells in favor of emigration, and they omit carefully everything which tells against it. They speak of the depth and fertility of the soil. But it is a slip of the tongue usually if they warn you that its look, even to an experienced English farmer, is eminently deceitful; that there is such a thing in some parts as "dead" land, a dark, rick-looking, black loam, which will bring nothing without copious doses of lime; that much land, which no man should buy, even in the West, is badly worn by ill treatment.

The emigration agent tells you, perhaps truly, that in such and such a section you can raise all manner of fruits, vegetables, and grains. But he lays no stress upon the fact that it is what you can market, not what you can raise, in which the profit lies. He hardly goes on to say that there is no market within thirty miles, infamous or impassable roads, and prohibitive railway freights. In the same way, it is frequently stated that the heat does not go above (say) 90° in the shade, without saying whether it is wet or dry heat. That will make all the difference between pleasure and existence.

I have seen an advertisement of an "estate" in west Canada of three hundred acres for next to nothing. The advertiser did not explain that the "estate" was uncleared, undrained, and unfenced jungle, covered with timber and thick underwood; that it had no buildings or roads upon or near it; that labor was very scarce and expensive.

In fact such statements, if true, have to be taken with so much salt — there is so little bread to such an intolerable deal of sack — that they are practically useless to the foolish and unbusinesslike sucklings sent here by the mother country.

Again, when *bonâ fide* emigrants settled in this country do write upon colonial life, they are generally men who are foxes without tails — not necessarily men of bad character; in many cases men highly honorable — but men who have themselves had to buy a dear and bitter experience. They have bought it in a rough and not over-sensitive school, and have realized to the full the germs of truth in that quaint saying that the man who loves solitude is either a beast or a god. To settle others near them becomes a second nature, and their own education here often teaches them to make of it a very profitable profession.

I am far from wishing to decry emigra-

tion. But I do not think that the cause of emigration is in any way served by bright-colored pictures and misleading and deceitful pamphlets. I believe that if the plain facts, with all the qualifications which can guard them about capital, markets, and labor, could be fairly set before intending emigrants, we should not only have a better class of men, but more capital — and that is what is mainly needed in the United States.

I do not speak from personal experience of any colonies, but only the United States, and my remarks apply fully to the southern and eastern portions alone. No doubt a great deal is equally true of the western and north-western States; but each State, like each man, has its own idiosyncrasies, which an emigrant has to study for himself. Nor do I speak to that class of emigrants whose capital is labor pure and simple. This finds its own level in any country, and plenty of help and encouragement to aid it. My remarks only apply to men who have received a liberal education, who from some cause or other are unable to make way in the old country, and who have a little money of their own. The usual run of such emigrants is either men who have started in life and failed, or boys fresh from school who have never seen life at all. Men in the full power of life, who have got a grip of the world and are making a good living in the old country, do not emigrate except for health or economy, or some such special object. If they do, they regret it.

Those for whom this part of the world is a purgatorial elysium are men who sink under the burdens of life in the Old World, — men with bad health, straitened incomes, unprofitable professions, and increasing families, — or men who have great faculties for getting through money, and little money to spend — disappointed land-agents — youths who cannot dig, and are as yet ashamed to beg, except from their parents. For such men, the high rate of interest in the States, and the extra buying power of small capital, is a great inducement. In fact, I am inclined to believe that this is the chief inducement which every year brings so many emigrants to the States, compared with those who go to our own colonies.

Of course I am speaking of American country life as compared with the life in towns or country houses in Great Britain. Town life in the States stands on a different footing. The small experience I have had of it leads me to believe that it gets as near as it can to town life in the Old

World — that is to say, in the large towns. In the small "cities" of a few hundreds, the editor of the weekly journal cuts his own firewood, and the leading physician "runs" the hotel and keeps the post-office and a candy-store. But even in the large towns, life can only get near life in the Old World. There is none of the solidity of old country life about American society. There may be more freedom, less of an etiquette which is arduous, to say the least of it, to an American; but there are less good manners and much less home comfort. You feel all the time as if you were living in a hotel; and considering the scarcity of good servants, and their independence when one has them, the defects of American social life are hardly to be wondered at.

In the country, especially in the West, this state of things is intensified a thousandfold. The servants, if you have any, are liable to leave the house at any moment. Besides which, a good deal of your "labor" has to be taught most elementary duties by some one who knows how to do them. Neither cleanliness nor godliness is among the hired girl's strong points; hence one has to learn how to do things one's self, and one must be ready to see that things are done which in the Old World would be beneath one's dignity or outside one's ken. And above all, one learns to have great patience and long-suffering with those hired hands, who in England are called "servants" and "dependants." Here the names are misnomers, and they are not used.

It is this which wakes a man up, and gives him self-reliance and grit. When he was at home he was by etiquette debarred the use of his hands, even if he were willing and able to use them. When he comes out here, he has to fall into the way of doing many things for himself which have been usually done for him. This is not a pleasant experience. Even if it has the delightful feeling of a picnic about it at first, he soon tires of it. But none the less it is a healthy experience, one which many men soon recognize as the foundation-stone of a new life and a new and improved being.

Besides, at home professional men and gentlemen seldom trouble themselves to think about the actual value of, or the possible profit made on, the articles they buy. The English gentleman does not bargain with a tradesman about his bill, or offer him less than he has asked for his goods. He revenges himself on the high charges of the tradesman either by not

paying his bill at all, or by paying it in the far future grudgingly and of necessity. Of the bargaining and scheming which go on in actual business, he has not the faintest conception. He may have read that *agricola* was *avarus*; but unless he happens to have seen two Norfolk farmers haggle for hours over the price of a pig, he has very little practical idea of the meaning of the word.

The effect of such men — not the best business men any way — being pitchforked all at once into business which requires acute personal supervision and sound judgment, is twofold. First, knowing the value of nothing, and coming to a country where the prices of many articles are very much lower than in Great Britain, they begin by paying far too high a price for everything they buy — a trait of which the native is not slow to take advantage; so that at last it is hard for an Englishman to buy anything at less than double its value. Afterwards, when they have suffered dreadfully from their ignorance, they ask far too high prices for everything they sell; in fact, they drive too hard bargains, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in their dealings with their own countrymen.

Secondly, they have a very high opinion of themselves and of everything English, which has to be completely knocked out of them before they can make any way at all. This assumption of superiority, often wholly gratuitous, is the foundation of grave errors in farming, and consequent loss of money. But of that more hereafter.

Climate is the first thing an emigrant inquires after. He looks to health as a first object, and he generally gets it. But his getting it is not in any sense owing to the climate. It is the enforced labor, and the life according to nature, the absence of the brandy-and-soda at night, and the turn out of bed at half past four in the morning, which give it to him. The climate of the United States will bear no comparison with the equable climate of the British Isles. There are some few favored sections — parts of Florida, the Alleghany Mountains, and parts of California, and the west coast — where there is an equable climate and good water. But the greater part of the continent, especially the central prairies, suffer either from extreme heat or cold, accompanied by all sorts of visitations of nature or natural disadvantages.

In parts of the sunny south, extreme heat, malaria, want of good water, and earthquakes, are combined. In the north

and west the flying summers are enlivened by cyclones, locusts, droughts, and so forth; and in winter two feet of snow are accompanied by raging blizzards, and a thermometer far below zero. The remarkable thing is, not that health improves on account of the climate, but that it improves in spite of it. This, for instance, is what *Texas Siftings*, a comic New York paper, says of the climate of that delightful city:

I am not quite sure you will like the climate of New York. In winter, the principal use you will have for your lower extremities will be to hand-paint their fantastic curves for rheumatism. Console yourself with the thought that real misfortunes deliver us while they last from the petty despotisms of all that are imaginary. In summer you don't have rheumatism, as malaria has to have its turn. You can't have both at once, which is a great climatic advantage. You will suffer keenly, but remember that he who suffers keenly has the greatest capacity for enjoyment. However, don't be discouraged. It is not too late for you to get the spring pneumonia. Nobody who gets that in New York is ever troubled afterwards with rheumatism or malaria.

Of course this is sarcastic fooling; but there is an old proverb, and a true one, that there is no smoke without fire.

Climate is not, I think, of half so much importance as it is generally thought to be. Judging from others' experience as well as my own, I should say that, unless one goes to Manitoba or Louisiana, and apart from disadvantages such as malaria or cyclones, the extremes of heat and cold will not disagree with a healthy man.

Do not take the word of an emigration agent or prospectus, that the climate is delicious and the heat is moderate, and that there is a cool breeze always blowing in the shade. There is a cool breeze blowing in the shade in England sometimes, if you have time to go and sit in it. On a farm at work you seldom are in the shade. Thermometer readings, which are what they generally give you, make very little difference. If a man is particular about them, let him wait until by experience he can tell if the climate is likely to suit him. This is the only way to avoid disappointment. But as a matter of fact, in climates where extreme heat or cold is usual, people's habits, buildings, and mode of life are adapted to the circumstances. The human body will adapt itself to the change, and the open-air life and healthy living will neutralize the discomforts to a great extent. On a farm, anyway, a man is so hard-worked, and often so hard up, that he has no time to think about getting ill. It

is only when he cuts his foot with an axe and is laid upon his back for a fortnight, that he has any time to consider whether a course of fat bacon, which comes as near being perpetual as the asymptote to an hyperbola, is a good thing for his digestion.

Cold is felt less and heat more, I think, as a rule, the first year. But to whatever part of the States a man may go, he should be prepared for all extremes. If you go north you will have plenty of hot summers; if south, chilly winters, and houses not built for extreme cold.

One cannot tell much about climate from the latitude of places, as the heat and cold will be more extreme farther inland, especially on unprotected prairies, differing much within a very limited area, owing to exposure, nearness to water, and altitude. In the west of Kansas, for instance, the degrees vary from 110° in the shade to 10° below zero. In Charleston, South Carolina—or Richmond, Virginia, the heat will hardly be greater; and in the former, the cold will be barely below freezing-point. These are things which every man has to find out for himself. Exercise extreme caution, make numerous inquiries, never believe any of the answers, and *wait a year*, or better still, two years, before committing yourself irrevocably to one spot—*i.e.*, do not buy or deal in land until you have had time to see what the land is like. Otherwise, you may buy, and settle upon the swamp, like Martin Chuzzlewit in the city of Eden.

Very recently, for instance, the rush to Florida has induced fraudulent speculators to advertise lands for sale at very low prices. I know several people who have invested their £10 or so in a "town lot," or twenty acres of land. They have never seen it again. A good deal of the land is actually under water for six months in the year, useful only to give as a residence to a refractory mother-in-law. Some of these frauds have been commented on in every American agricultural paper for a year past; but there will be found plenty of heedless fools who will go and buy land in these deathly swamps, trusting to the general character of the climate of Florida.

If a man goes to a town and embarks in business or in a profession, he can sell his business or take his profession somewhere else with him; but if he buys land, he may never be able to get rid of it, and he cannot put it in a wagon and move off to another State. You may tie yourself down at once to a part of the country which

you dislike, to a climate which is unhealthy, or to land which is poor, because you cannot find any one fool enough to take a bad bargain off your hands.

In my present location, which is very healthy, the natives suffer from rheumatism and consumption. But considering that they wear nothing but cotton, summer and winter alike (though our thermometer goes occasionally to zero), that they intermarry excessively, that their cabins are built with a special view to ventilation, and that they never wash, their ill health is hardly surprising.

When an emigrant comes to this country, he generally brings with him a great many useless things. He treats America as if money would not buy the most ordinary necessary. It is pitiful to see the things with which the English gentleman sometimes encumbers himself. A heavy tool-box full of second-rate tools, novels and light literature, of course a gun and half a ton of ammunition, a saddle and all sorts of harness, a box of quinine, Cockles' pills (to a country teeming with patent medicines and remedies for every kind of dyspepsia), sticking-plaster and goldbeater's skin for his entire body, a pith helmet, high Wellington boots, soap, and—*apopsiesis*. As a matter of fact, the only things which any one need ever bring, besides a pair of blankets and a good pocket-knife and some stationery, are clothes old and new of all descriptions, and plenty of boots and hats. The old clothes cannot be too old or too ragged for use. The rags from an English scarecrow will make an American farmer a good suit. New clothes are useful sometimes. If you have no new clothes you may be reduced, like a friend of mine, to go out to dinner in dress clothes.

Suppose the emigrant has selected his State, and has started with an enormous kit of soap, tools, and other necessities. The question naturally asked is, "What are you going to do when you get there? You are going to a strange country, to a new life; what definite purpose have you formed?" The answer generally would be, either that he did not know—that he was going to look about him and wait the course of events (a very rare answer)—or he would say, "I am going to farm." If you asked what he meant by farming, he would probably have no idea beyond some vague notion of keeping stock and buying land.

This latter is a *sine quâ non*. There are two steps almost invariably taken by the emigrant as soon as he can make free

use of his money. One is, to buy land without sufficient capital wherewith to work it; the other is, to buy stock without having anything on which to feed them. It would not, I am sure, be saying too much if I were to assert that three years after buying land in this way, seven men out of every ten wish they had not bought; that nine out of every ten have not sufficient capital to work their land; and that at least three or four are ruined for want of means, or take to drink, or live by swindling raw emigrants.

This latter class, the needy gentleman who has himself made a failure of emigration, is the most dangerous enemy the young emigrant has. He knows how to induce confidence. He is always on the watch to sell bad land, crooked fence-rails, rainbow posts, old cows, stringhalt horses, and so forth, to the ignorant from the old country. In a land where *caveat emptor* is the invariable rule in all farming "trades," he is only too likely to be successful. The strong point in favor of young men coming to gentlemen farmers in this country or to native farmers through an agency (modes of learning farming to which there are many objections), is that they will have at least a *chance* of learning something about the country before they have use of any capital. Their preceptors may try to swindle them. They probably will. But it will be "hands off" to any one else who wants to handle the pupil's money.

Just consider for a moment the usual sacrificial rites which accompany the offering of a young man to the American continent. A lad of eighteen is sent out to the States to "learn farming." It matters little whether he goes to an English or American farmer, or learns on his own account; in any case his period of probation is far too short, only extending at the longest over two years, and generally under circumstances in which it is most unlikely he will learn anything.

Either his preceptor knows nothing, or he has not the capital to farm as he ought, or he has neither knowledge nor capital.

When the pupil's head is given to him, capital is either denied to him altogether, or it is doled out to him so sparingly that he has no chance of success. Picture a lad after two years in a land-agent's office, turned into a Dorsetshire farm-laborer's cottage to make a living out of a hundred acres of rough undrained unfenced land on £500.

Yet if capital is given to a lad out here,

these are generally the circumstances under which he receives it.

Now money (and let the intending emigrant note this, for, though a plain fact, it is frequently overlooked, and yet it is the key to the whole situation) is of the same value relatively in this country as it is in the old. You can get higher interest for smaller capital here undoubtedly, and you may *live* on capital on which you would starve in England; but to *make money*, which is a very different thing from living merely as an existence, you must have capital—and in proportion to the capital you have, if you use it wisely, you will have returns. You must have capital, and you must use it wisely. It sounds a truism, yet upon this bare rock hundreds of young men every year founder in the States. Their parents either send them out without capital, to sink or swim as they may among low associates, living the lives of dogs; or they allow them capital to squander before they can in any sort of way appreciate its true value.

You must have capital. The British emigrant cannot set out, like the knight-errant of old, with no resources but his weapon and his strong arm to pick up his dinner as he goes. The modern knight-errant is the Knight of Labor; with him the English gentleman cannot hope to compete. Besides, the profession of labor, like the profession of knight-errantry, is not *per se* profitable. To make money, one must have some wherewith to begin—just as to breed lambs you must have ewes, or to grow onions manure; and the more you have to begin with, the more you will have the chance of making, and the quicker you will be able to increase it. The parable of the talents was not told for nothing. If you bury your one talent in land, you may find it awkward when the tax-collector comes round and you have no change. Meanwhile the ten-talent man is buying stock and feed cheap, and selling them at a large profit.

It ought to be an invariable rule with an emigrant who has no outside means of finding out how much capital is required to work land, never to invest more than one-third of his capital on a farm. For a year or two, at least, he cannot gauge either what his ordinary labor or house-keeping expenses may be. Besides, the thousand little items for patching, breakages, clearing, shoeing, and so forth, run away with a very considerable sum. Further still, when the economical man has bought a farm with a rigid vow to make no improvements not absolutely neces-

sary, he is led on from one step to another until one-half of his money has gone in lumber and nails. It is a hard thing indeed for an "old country" gentleman to come to this country, buy land, and not spend money on improvements.

The closer inspection which he will make of his purchase will show him roofs and fences which need repairing, ditches to be cleaned out, stumps to be pulled up, and a hundred expenses which he never estimated. Being new to the work, and being "English," he cannot get good labor as cheaply as his fellow-men, nor can he get as good work out of it when he has got it. Next, as he is "English," no one will ever sell him anything as cheaply as a native could buy it. These two things every man who farms in this country finds when he first comes here. He is an alien; no one will give him credit for the shrewdness he possesses until he has been repeatedly tried. In consequence he cannot for a year or two bargain or buy to any profit. He has to pay to learn, and to this every one must make up his mind.

Besides this, the farmer will probably find that want of good and near markets makes a profit much harder to be secured than he had originally supposed. Poultry, stock, wheat-growing, and all sorts of things on which he imagined there was a large profit, turn out to require much more care and closer management than appear at first sight. Besides this, again, there are few men who are not deceived in the land. They either buy worn-down farms because they seem to be cheap, never reckoning the cost which is to be paid before they are brought (if ever) into paying order; or they buy virgin land covered with enormous timber, which has to be cleared at great expense before the land can bring profitable returns. This last case is not quite so bad as the first, but it will be a long time before all the stumps and roots and sticks are off the ground, out of the way of the plough and harrow, and of cultivated crops. Very few men have the courage to pay what seems to be a top price for good farming-land ready to bring in an income.

If the emigrant is one of these, he *may* make an income at once and save the rest of his capital. But from the causes I have indicated, he is much more likely to fritter away money fencing, ditching, building, and trying experiments, until at the end of two or three years he finds himself very much where he was, additional capital gone, and the farm not even paying its way. It is then probably for

the first time that he begins to appreciate the fact that in America, as in England, it is economy in the little things that tells. If so, and he has the strength of mind to pull himself together and adapt his farming to the altered circumstances, he may succeed in spinning out time until he has a living. But at every turn he will be met with the want of capital to work the farm. Unless he has spare cash, the stock-farmer cannot buy up young stock in winter, when spare stock is being sold off, or in spring, when feed is getting scarce. He will either have to lose good bargains and miss opportunities of making money, or he will have to sell off feed, or grain, or potatoes when they are worth little, in order to get the money to buy. Or he will have to borrow. And it is truly said that anything is easier to raise on a farm than a mortgage.

If the emigrant invests but little capital in land and is careful of what remains, he will be able relatively to make more money, to make better use of opportunities, and be more free from the harassing anxieties attendant on rigid pinching. He cannot expect to make as much money as if he had had the capital with which to work properly a larger farm; and he may suffer, like the small shopkeeper, from competition with men in more extensive business. Still, his position is far preferable to that of the man who has sunk half his capital in land. I know no position so painful as that of a man thus tied to the land, farming with insufficient means, seeing golden opportunities of making money pass him by, of which he cannot take hold, his own money sunk in the land, and barely able from day to day to provide the lowest necessities of life. It is the same out West on the prairies as in Lombard Street. You must have capital to command success.

And you must use your capital wisely. Now, if a man has a good capital, he may buy land, and it may pay him to live on it and work it. If he has no objection to a patriarchal life, and no devouring longing for society, and if he can persuade a nice girl to marry him, he may live a contented life and may make a little money. But land will never pay a big interest. It is the worst investment for money that there is where money is scarce, as it is in the States. The value of your land will increase slowly, no doubt, but very slowly. Meanwhile heavy taxes have to be paid upon it, labor has to be paid to work it, much of it on which taxes are paid lies idle for want of capital and labor to work

or to clear off timber, and the investment produces only a very moderate return.

There is another very serious drawback to the purchase of land in almost any part of the States. When the emigrant goes to buy, the world is all before him where to choose his place of rest, and the emigration agent or speculative attorney to guide him.

It is quite another matter when he goes to sell. There are thousands of other properties equally attractive in the market, each one outbidding the other for a purchaser. He who *has* to sell must reconcile himself to take much less than he gave, even with the improvements he has put on it. In short, land in the States, whether in the east or west, is an investment bearing poor interest, and meeting with a slow sale if forced into the market.

Now the purchaser of the land might have invested his money here at eight per cent. interest on a safe investment, which he could have realized speedily. If you can invest your money in business safely, or if you can rent land, as you can do in many parts of the States, and meanwhile let your capital lie at high interest, it is an unwise use of capital to buy land. In the south especially, a large acreage of land is rented for Indian corn, rye, and other grain crops, cabbage, and "truck," for a share of the crop. Instead of a money rent, the owner takes half, a third, or two-fifths, according to the quality of the land "tended," and the seed, implements, and stock supplied.

If a young emigrant would be content to try his hand in this way for a few years, he would gain much experience at a very cheap rate, and save a great quantity of valuable time and money. One is not inclined to put up expensive buildings or pile fertilizers on another man's land. In this way one's hand is perforce held from extravagant, wasteful spending—spending which often results merely from the difference in methods of farming in the Old World and the New. If young emigrants could but be persuaded to hold their hands and be kept from buying land and horses and cattle, they might have a chance of making a wise use of their money.

But in the very great majority of cases the land hunger is too much for them. All advice is thrown to the winds. After six months' or perhaps a year's experience in seeing another man mismanage a farm, the young emigrant will plunge in and invest three-fourths of his capital in three or four hundred acres of land, of which

more than half, probably, is virgin forest or prairie. As to the older men, when once they take such an idea into their heads, their case is hopeless. You may apply to them Fielding's saying: "I never advise old women; for if they take it into their heads to go the devil, it is no more possible than worth while to keep them from him."

No one ought to buy land at all until he has had two years' practical experience in working a farm in the States. By practical experience I mean experience of the general management of an entire farm. Many boys are sent out to Englishmen who are no great farmers themselves. The pupils pay a high premium, and are naturally disinclined to work for the man they are paying. Unless they are gifted with great powers of observation, they are not likely to learn much either of the principles of farming or even the routine of farm work. But making money in farming, at least here, depends on other things than these—the economy of farm labor, for instance, and management of land in the sense of adapting the crops and stock to the land, and so cropping as to get the greatest returns with the least expense, and with little exhaustion to the land. To learn this is the experience no books can teach, an experience many farmers never seem to get.

The routine of farm work, which is what a pupil is generally set to do—cleaning out stables, ploughing, harrowing, making fences, and so forth—is monotonous and easily learned. The pupil too often gets the idea that when he has learned this he has learned everything. He is eager to start on his own account, impatient to improve on his faulty preceptor's teaching. Very little of the real management of the farm, that silent fitting in of little cog-wheels, has ever come under his notice. So, when he does start, great allowances ought to be made for mistakes, which have to be rectified by experience. If he can farm on another man's land for a year or two, so much the better for him. If he cannot, he should at least try to lay out as little money as possible in permanent improvements or in purchase of stock, until he has thoroughly learnt the lie of the land, its special capabilities, and the easiest, cheapest, and quickest means of rendering it profitable. One sees very many instances of money laid out in so-called improvements, useless sometimes even for ornament, both by natives and Britishers, which could have been avoided by delaying until the character of the land

was better known. I have on my own farm half a mile of deep ditching, dug in haste by a former native owner to clear a maple swamp. It was dug at the wrong angle to the creek into which it was intended to run, and in consequence it is choked up, quite useless for purposes of drainage, and an obstruction to any further improvement. I did not make such an ass of myself when I started, only because I had not got the money to do it.

Why is it that so many will ignore what is so obvious — that farming is not a profession, even in America, which can be grasped in a year or two, or made profitable suddenly by men who have failed in every other calling of life? Men who would never think of going into a merchant's business without a long apprenticeship, will lightly throw their money into land, and expect at once to get an income and profits out of it. Greater care in buying, and a longer delay, are here always needed for success.

I never could see why the British aristocracy could not inaugurate a new order of the Knights of Labor to counteract the democratic tendencies of the working-men. The idle gentlemen who have no taste for any of the polite branches of learning, instead of flying to the prairies and backwoods, might be educated in the sciences of joinery, masonry, and work in metal and pottery, and elevate those professions to the positions they held in their palmiest days. Why should not the works of art of Gibbons, Benvenuto Cellini, and the artisan masters of Nuremberg, find fit exponents among the English gentry in these days of decaying trade? The refined taste of the upper classes, and the conscientious work done for love of the profession, might revive our reputation, and mark a classical era for the artisan. Or if this is too low a view to take of the nineteenth-century gentleman, why not carry the respectable business of wine-merchant and so forth across the Atlantic?

I suppose that there is some kind of nobility in the cultivation of the soil, which fits it as an occupation for the sons of gentlemen. Men who would never dream of soiling their white hands by measuring a yard of cloth or making a chest of drawers, will stand in their shirts day after day, and hoe corn by the side of a very common laboring man, and then sit down with him to a dinner of greasy pork and milkless coffee. They will undergo great hardships and discomforts, will work, eat, and sleep like dogs, all to make a bare living; while, if they could but turn

their hands to business here, or to any of the professions in this country, they could, probably with one-half the labor, earn a good living and live like gentlemen.

Capital, not labor, is what the States wants of these white-handed men. The ordinary rate of interest all through the States varies from six to ten per cent., and rarely falls below. Why buy land at all? Why not invest money in business which will bring in more remunerative returns? Because one must remember this — that this nation is a nation of working bees, and that, especially in new territories, there is no such thing as the idle gentleman. Unless it is in very large cities, or in some parts of the south, no one loses caste by work of any kind.

The only drawback — and that is one which would soon be overcome — is that those whose society you would wish to enjoy are not generally centred in the towns, but are scattered up and down the country remote from markets and railways. Example would soon draw them into a centre. A good carpentering hand can earn here from 6s. to 8s. a day. It is a long time before one can knock a hundred a year out of a farm, even with the hardest of work and with the addition of capital. In all small towns in the west and south, where mushroom cities spring up yearly, there is always plenty of work for good carpenters, joiners, masons, brick-manufacturers, builders and engineers, doctors and lawyers, and plenty of room for the investment of capital at a most remunerative interest. There is good opportunity for picking up valuable properties cheaply, which men settled in the depths of the country cannot have; and you are in touch with the outside world, ready to take advantage of any changes which may come about. So I say, employ your capital and labor in business other than farming, unless you have sufficient capital to be independent of your farm; or if your volatile nature requires that you should possess three hundred acres of land, make your experiments at least on another man's land — and above all things, hold on to your money.

Don't farm if you can help it; but if you must farm, rent. It is the advice of every experienced man I have met.

If farming is to be the end of emigration, then, after the first delay, the emigrant ought to make choice of the kind of farming which he intends to attempt, and stick to it through thick and thin.

Half the men who don't fail from want of capital, fail from want of grit and stabil-

ity. Stock-farming, sheep-farming, wheat-growing, small fruits, "truck," fowls, pigs, and fruit-trees are tried, trifled with, and dropped in turn. Not half the attention necessary for one of them is given to the whole lot, and in consequence one after another is a failure. Here again the emigrant curiously assumes that a man may treat the business of farming as he would treat no other business in the world. No very small capitalist would expect to deal successfully in half-a-dozen different branches of commerce, but the emigrant seldom thinks it necessary to apply this to farming. Cautious prudence in settling and deciding on one's pursuits, and then concentration of capital and energy on one or two special objects, and redoubled efforts after defeat, are what make farming in this country.

I have heard men say that there is no money in poultry, who bought pure-bred fowls only to neglect them as if they were the "scrub" stock that roost in trees and live on what they can scratch out of the garden seed-beds. I have seen men plant orchards of trees, which they then left to die from insects and weeds, only to declare that there was no money in fruit. They will put shorthorns on pastures that will not support an Ayrshire cow, will try to raise sheep on swampy river-bottoms, will grow wheat on land that will hardly sprout peas. Too often the man tries to fit his land to the stock and the crops, instead of deciding what he wants to raise and grow, and then picking his farm to suit.

To succeed, one must treat one's farm as one would a hand at whist; play according to rule, and not contravene the laws of the game because you lose a hand or two, or the way to success looks to be quicker by leading from an undefended suit. It is another argument in favor of waiting before settling, that the prevalent branch of farming in a district is by no means necessarily the most lucrative one. Very often in a district entirely given to one industry, such as wheat-growing or beef-stock farming, a man may make a good thing by taking up some neglected branch of farming. He may supply his neighbors with cheese or fruit at much higher profit and with much smaller capital than he could work the staple crop.

The staple crop, however, although it may not be lucrative, is probably the one best suited to the land and to the economic conditions of farming in that part of the country, and the novice should be very cautious how he departs from it.

I have already spoken of the foolish

bragging about England and English methods which every new emigrant indulges in. This is not only words. The English emigrant comes from a rich country to a poor one, from a land rich in manure to a land where it is scarce, from high farming to the slovenly struggle for existence which is the normal condition of farms in most parts of America. He has a supreme contempt for the poor land, the weedy fence-corners, the tumble-down buildings, the lean and gaunt stock that offend his eyes. When he turns up the soil with a heavy two-horse plough, and imports costly fine-bred stock on to his scanty pastures, or tries some new branch of farming, he often finds that the old native farmer, whose threadbare coat and superstitious talk about the moon he has ridiculed, is not by any means such a fool as he looks. He has stuck to his staple crop, because for long generations it has been found best adapted for the land and climate, essentially different from Great Britain. No doubt a thoughtful and educated Britisher may make great inroads on the methods of agriculture here with success. But let him be careful. Old Scotch Americans don't grow rye crops for nothing. So if you want to try something new, find out whether others have tried it before you, and under what conditions. Make your experiments very tentatively, and under every condition that can, if possible, ensure success.

There is another point on this subject which should not escape a new-comer's notice. Many parts of America are in a state of transition, especially with respect to stock-raising and the rotation of crops; and the present depression of the industry is, I think, partly owing to the fact that the men who have succeeded the pioneers in partially settled parts, have not yet perceived that the time has gone by when they could disregard rotation of crops, the use of manure, the breeding of a better class of stock, subsoiling, draining, and so forth. For instance, take a country where there was twenty years ago unlimited mountain-range, where stock could run and grow fat at will, while pigs could run out in the woods round the farm, and it was only necessary to fence up the *recently cleared* fresh river-bottoms for Indian corn and grain crops. Under such circumstances, it was useless to keep fine-bred stock or to take care of the manure. Stock were cheap, and there was a good chance of losing them on the range, and it would not pay a farmer to haul manure on to the fresh virgin soil. But there comes

a time when the farmers on the river-bottoms find themselves fenced out by fresh farms from the range behind them. They have either to drive their stock out in the summer to the range and journey out weekly to salt them, or they have to fence up meadows and pastures and feed them. Then, again, the virgin soil "run" in "corn" has ceased to give the plentiful crops of yore. Manure, better cultivation, and rotation are wanting to restore it and give them the old profits. Not many of the old farmers are able to adapt themselves to the new order of things. They have not generally the means to live and wait while the farm is passing from the one stage of cultivation to the other. Even if they have, oftener than not they fail to grasp the situation. The descendant of the pioneer knows the land and the range. He is well up with all the methods in use for the cultivation of corn and pioneer crops, and he is generally a good judge of stock. But he fails to grasp the necessity for a rotation of crops, the beneficial power of clover, the elements of drainage, or, in fact, any elements of real farming. He emigrates to the far West, and his place is taken by newer and better men.

This sort of thing is going on all over the eastern and middle States. The new man, very often an Englishman, comes on to what is called an "improved" farm. It has generally been improved to death. The new-comer at once puts part of it down to grass, keeps more and better stock, feeds heavier, and so forth. But it may be a long time before it brings him any adequate return. Meanwhile, he has to be careful, and to remember that the old farmer, with all his faults, was no fool. If he would cut his rye with a sickle, in order to leave plenty of "trash" on the land, there was a good reason for it, which the new man would do well to bear in mind. If he did plough his fields with a pony-plough, he knew the depth of the surface-soil, and gauged how deep he could go on land that had never been subsoiled or fairly broken. More land is ruined yearly by half-a-dozen zealous advanced farmers, than by all the old-fashioned settlers put together.

Markets and freights are two most important questions to which very little attention is generally paid. Yet success in farming depends far more on what one can sell than on what one can raise. No efforts of mind or body can make you successful unless these are suitable. Though a man has all the other conditions necessary to command success, if he has no markets, he is wasting money and time

farming. The soil may be extra fertile ("fifteen feet deep in some places," as I once read in an emigration pamphlet for Texas), especially adapted for producing all kinds of fruits, vegetables, grasses, grain, and so forth; yet all will be useless without a good market. You may have faith and hope, but you must have a good market as well, otherwise you are but the tinkling cymbal of failure.

Agents and prospectuses seldom trouble themselves about the minutiae of markets or railway charges, and their chance remarks are generally by inference untrue. There is no part of the subject upon which figures and facts can be made so misleading as on this. Markets do not depend on the number of people a town contains, or even on the facility with which products can be raised. As to railway freights, they are dependent on the whims and necessities of rings and syndicates, and form a Lagenian mine of speculation. Both subjects must, within limits, be decided by local and personal observation and inquiry. I can only suggest what I conceive to be general principles.

It is not strictly necessary to be near a large market for stock or goods which are not perishable. But the man who is near the market has an enormous advantage always over one farther off. For perishable produce and "truck" (as vegetables and small fruits are called), a near market is an urgent necessity. Apart from the considerable expense of hauling to market from a distance, the loss from the perishable nature of the produce makes necessary a speedy sale. Again, the nearer the market, the quicker a man can take advantage of its sudden and rapid changes. In a small market twenty-five miles from me, I hear sometimes that butter is worth forty cents. I don't try to supply it, because I know that by the time I got there it would be worth fifteen cents. Those who are nearer to it need fear no such change. In fact, American markets are like the pool of Bethesda, with an angel on the constant stir. I can only suggest to go and sit on the bottom step.

Through freights from one large centre to another — such as from New York to St. Louis, or from Philadelphia to Atlanta — are generally much lower in proportion than rates from one intermediate station to another, though the distance in the latter case may be shorter, — just as French hops are carried through to London at cheaper rates than Sussex hops from side stations. For instance, the through freight from Chicago to Baltimore on live stock

is much less than the rates from Western Virginia to the same port. Let the reader look at the map and realize what this means.

Establish yourself near a railway, even if you have to pay double for your farm; and, if possible, let it be a main line. The nearer to a great commercial centre you get, the quicker you can make money.

Then, again, try to place yourself where there are competing lines. One line ruled by a selfish syndicate is often worse than none at all, and may be ruinous to all chances of raising perishable or valuable goods, owing to high rates, and carelessness of the line in carrying and delivering goods.

Again, water-carriage is much cheaper, and greatly reduces by competition the railway rates. The truck-growers who live on the eastern seaboard have great advantages in freight, owing to the cheap rates at which produce and fertilizers can be carried by coasting steamers to and from South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. Many of the large rivers are navigable, and form great waterways for the transport of hay and all kinds of farm produce. If possible, settle within reach of water-carriage.

Again, the rates of freight on goods vary with their perishable nature and the risk the railway company runs in handling them. For instance, from a certain point to New York, grapes will only be carried at the rate of six shillings per hundred pounds, at the owner's risk. From the same point apples can be carried for two shillings at the railway company's risk. I do not say that more money can be made from apples than from grapes. I only mention it as one of the many points to be considered and difficulties to be overcome before deciding.

The rates of freight are much lower in the States by comparison with England, but they are quite high enough to take all the edge off the profits, and sometimes they may destroy all chances of success in certain lines. For instance, suppose that one wishes to make one's farm a "truck" farm, but one has no home market. The possibility of success will depend on the freight and speed of the line. The freight may be prohibitive for that class of goods, or the line may run such slow trains or such a slovenly service as to induce loss by delay. If one is on a main line, there is not so much danger of this — though even on main lines, except close to large towns, they seldom run more than two or three trains a day.

I have dwelt long upon land and markets, because these are generally the points upon which most warning is needed. Let me repeat my advice.

Do not buy land if you can do anything else with your money.

Do not buy poor land or exhausted land because it is cheap or looks pretty, or because you think you can "bring it up."

Take care to establish yourself near a market and on good lines of railway.

Choose one or more branches of farming, and stick to them closely, bringing all your intelligence to bear upon them.

Think for yourself, but do not despise the opinions of old farmers — and *go slow*.

I may add that a little modesty is sometimes of assistance. I know no insolence or ill manners so amusingly aggravating as the airs of the three-months-old colonist. He provokes to an older mind Job's remark, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!" He will teach you how to shoot, and grumble at the scarceness of game. At home the keeper very likely let him have a day with the rabbits, and he shot the ferret in the eye. He grumbles at the want of society and literature, and then asks you if you spell "pig" with two g's, and if Colorado is in Italy. He has no present capacity for work himself, but he can sneer at the hired man's laziness, and talk big about the value of time and labor. He will instruct you how to "trade," and then swop away a good mule for an old horse with a bone-spavin.

All learning comes natural to him. After a month or two of fresh air, the pale office-clerk will be found instructing the old Scotch-American farmer how to plough, use a saw or plane, build, or grow corn, always assuring him gravely how much better these things can be done in England. Even the most English of settlers, the staunchest hater of American institutions, grows tired of being told that we do so-and-so in England; that the rabbits don't run as fast or the birds fly as quickly as they do in England. Meantime the superior creature is as helpless as a newly born baby — and in the backwoods the baby often has the advantage of him in milk.

But as some wise man remarked, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." When he has been a year or so in the country, the emigrant sometimes realizes the fact that he knows little about anything, and so takes the first real step towards knowledge. By this

time the effects of good hard work, early hours, plain food, hard beds, and want of undue stimulant — effects too often put down to the dry climate — begin to show themselves, and his good qualities, if he have any, come to the front.

If nothing further is intended than a short rustication in the States, the rest is not of much importance. But if a man intends to stay his lifetime here, the case is greatly altered and complicated. For single blessedness is unbearable in this country. It represents the Garden of Eden in one respect only — that the presence of woman sooner or later is essential. If a lad is to be kept from the worst courses — from the curse of drink, from the degradation of those irregular relations between the sexes, and all the other vices which follow on a lonely and slovenly life — he should be encouraged to settle where he will be able to marry eventually, if it is only a daughter of the soil. A wife in this country is a helpmeet to a farmer in a practical sense. In the eastern States at least, the lot of no farmer's wife need be a hard one. But even if they are settled where labor can always be obtained, this does not absolve the wife from the necessity of looking after the housework, poultry, and dairy. She may save her husband much money, and turn discomfort into luxury.

But the wife and possibilities bring a new factor into the problem of emigration. Men who go out into the country and willingly stay there, very often have rather shaky spelling, and a better eye for a horse than for any picture. They merely abjure luxuries of which many of them were already tired. But these fallen angels have known what paradise was like. They have been "tolled to church, and have sat at good men's feasts." Still, to have known good society and to have abjured it, is a very different condition from that of their children who have never known it at all. If an emigrant has children, he ought to pinch to his last farthing to give his son an education in Great Britain.

So a good many things are to be considered by the youth who starts out to conquer this new hemisphere. His high boots and new saddle will probably have lost their polish by the time that he has realized that the fifty millions of which he forms a unit can get along without him. When he does so, if he has pluck and sense, and a love for an outdoor life, he may enjoy life to the full, and learn the lesson he would very likely never have

learnt at home — to be a man. Self-reliance — the true foundation of national greatness — energy and decision, promptness of thought and judgment, are the qualities developed in the emigrant's life. Here is no hereditary business to drop into, no government appointments to wait for, no friends' interest to assist. But then dependence on others' help, and the loss of spirit and courage it involves, may be wanting too.

From The National Review.

IRISH NOVELISTS ON IRISH PEASANTS.

"JE suis convaincu," says Proudhon, "que pour bien connaître une société il faut en connaître les romans." Politicians are entitled to speak from experience after a fortnight's tour in Ireland; agricultural voters are qualified to form independent opinions upon the ocular evidence prepared for them by agents of the Land League. But hasty visits to the country, selected scenes of Irish life, and even cart-loads of blue-books, teach Englishmen less of the character of the Irish people than they might glean from the novels of men like William Carleton or John and Michael Banim, themselves peasant-born and peasant-bred.

The names of Irish novelists are legion, but the works that are racy of the soil and emerald green from cover to cover, are comparatively rare. Swift, Sterne, Goldsmith, Frances Sheridan, Henry Brooke, were all of Irish origin, but none of these writers of eighteenth-century fiction dealt with Irish life. By common consent national novels, as distinct from narratives of incident, or tales which turn on the loves of idealized types of imaginary human beings, began with Miss Edgeworth. She had many contemporaries of Irish extraction, but they eschewed the inspiration of their native soil. Mrs. Hamilton, whose "Cottagers of Glenburnie" gives the first picture of rural life in Scotland, was born in Belfast. Jane and Anna Maria Porter were the daughters of an Irishman, though they lived in Edinburgh and celebrated Scottish chiefs. Maturin, with a large black wafer on his forehead as a sign of silence, wrote "Montorio" in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe and the German sentimentalists. The same school inspired Lady Morgan's "Missionary," which Shelley pronounced to be "so divine a thing," as well as the voluminous writings of Maria Roche. Colley Grattan

followed the lead of Scott and utilized his intimate knowledge of Belgium in his historical romances of "Jacqueline of Hainault" and "The Heiress of Bruges." Dr. Croly found in Jewish history the theme of "Salathiel," and Michael Kavanagh drew "Aristobulus" from the Apocrypha. Sir Charles Napier anticipated Bulwer Lytton when he yielded to the fascination of William the Conqueror and the Norman Conquest. Dr. Maginn, the Irish Rabelais, painted "Whitehall in the Days of George IV.," or traced the "Fortunes of a Liverpool Merchant." Crofton Croker turned from the Irish cabin to oppose "My Village" to the idealized village which Miss Mitford had sketched. Lady Blessington, the daughter of "Shiver the Frills" Power, a Tipperary squireen, showed in Grace Cassidy, the heroine of "The Repealers," that she could paint an Irishwoman, but as a rule she preferred scenes of fashionable London life. So, too, her sister, if she is rightly credited with "Almacks," neglected the Irish for the English metropolis. And lastly, Lady Lytton, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Mrs. Norton, forgot their native country in their private wrongs.

Irish history has not been neglected by Irish novelists. Griffin's "Invasion" deals with Ireland in the time of Charlemagne. Maturin's "Eva" is a story of the twelfth century. Conynham's "Sarsfield" and Mr. Sadleir's "Heiress of Kilorgan" deal, like G. P. R. James's "Arrah Neil," with the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The Battle of Boyne is celebrated in Banim's "Boyne Water," and Mrs. Sadleir's "Old House by the Boyne;" the Battle of Aughrim is the subject of Banim's "Denounced," and of Carleton's "Redmond, Count O'Halloran." Crowe, in "Yesterday in Ireland," describes the working of the penal laws in the first half of the eighteenth century. Banim, in "The Croppy;" Neville, in "Lloyd Pamant;" O'Leary, in "The Irish Widow's Son;" Wingfield, in "My Lords of Strogne;" Gamble, in "Sarsfield" and "Charlton;" Crowe, in "Northerns of Ninety-Eight;" Lover, in "Rory O'More;" and Lever, in more than one of his best-known novels, chose for their subjects episodes in the revolutionary period of 1798, or Emmet's insurrection in 1803. But in spite of the national pride in everything Irish, no native magician has yet arisen with both the will and the power to cast over river, lake, and bog, the same spell which the Wizard of the North has thrown over the land be-

yond the Tweed. The patriotic pen of no Irish Scott has given eloquent expression to the national spirit, or made the heroes of the struggle against English supremacy familiar in our minds as household words.

On the other hand, the social conditions of the country have been very fully treated. Yet, till the close of the eighteenth century, no Irish novelist had attempted to describe his fellow-countrymen, and Englishmen knew little or nothing of the people of Ireland. An absentee proprietor who visited his estates in 1801 is said to have carried with him beads, brooches, and mirrors, as if he were a traveller in the South Sea Islands. Lady Morgan hardly exaggerates when she relates how a benevolent young Englishwoman, filled with kindly feelings towards her husband's unknown vassals, presented them with Italian dresses, and taught them to eat macaroni. And it is with perfect truth that Banim describes the worthy Mr. Stokes, in his ignorance of the Roman Catholic religion and his zeal to evangelize the peasantry, presenting a Bible to the "questing" friar as an unknown book. Satires, panegyrics, or caricatures of Irish life indeed abounded. If a blunder was to be perpetrated, or a mad escapade was to be planned, an Irishman was always impressed for the occasion. Writers like Crofton Croker, Maxwell, Lever, and Lover, made confusion worse confounded by their treatment of the social peculiarities of the people. Croker's "Barney Mahoney" is an admirable type of the stage Irishman, full of mother wit, fertile in resource, encountering the strangest vicissitudes with imperturbable drollery. Maxwell, himself a wild sportsman of the far west, in "Hector O'Halloran" and "Erin-go-Bragh," describes the hot-headed, puzzle-pated, trigger-pulling, claret-drinking gentry of western Ireland, always generous, though seldom sober, the triad of whose lives was debt, drink, and duelling, and whose code of honor covered a multitude of sins with the pistol.

It was to Maxwell that Lever, then the dispensary doctor at Port-Stewart, owed his first inclination towards literature, and he followed the lead of his Mentor. In his earliest and most popular novels he paints Ireland as a country governed by an aristocracy of Charles O'Malleys served by a vassal class of Micky Frees. His world is filled with Irish Micawbers waiting for "something to turn up," and

meanwhile bent on killing time or their neighbors. Lover's humor created a picture which was not less partial in its truth than Lever's dash and devilry. He does not wince the world with noble horsemanship; but he can hardly be taken seriously. His songs undoubtedly did good service by bringing out the chivalrous regard of the Irish peasant for women. In his novels, on the other hand, his chief object is to raise a laugh. He draws peasants as he had known them in his youth among the Wicklow hills; and it is with a boy's appreciation of their genial side that he describes a hearty, honest, comic Rory, or a blundering, unlucky, elastic Andy.

It was to remove the ignorance or the false impressions of the English nation, to bring out the true character of the people, to call attention to their social and political wants, that Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Griffin, the two Banims, and Carleton, took up their pens. The truth of their bold, firm pictures was confirmed by the more featureless sketches that Mrs. S. C. Hall drew of Irish character, or of the lights and shadows of Irish life. Later Irish novelists have followed the direction thus indicated. If Julia Kavanagh sought her inspiration in France, or Mrs. J. H. Riddell in the Fen Courts and cities and suburbs of England, or MacCabe in Italy and Burgundy, or Madden among the Musselmans in Turkey; if Eliot Warburton painted the East in colors whose glow rivals the Oriental splendors of "Vathek;" if Le Fanu, McCarthy, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey are cosmopolitan in their choice of subjects; if Meadows Taylor travelled to India, and Mayne Reid to the New World for their themes, — Rosa Mulholland, Charles Reade, Mr. Sadlier, Kickham, Elizabeth Casey, and Annie Keary have drawn spirited sketches of Irish peasant life. And in two widely different fields Miss Laffan and Miss Lawless have increased our knowledge of the nation, whether of its insincere, loud-mouthed demagogues like "Hogan, M.P.," or of the meannesses of Dublin life which are portrayed in "Christie Carrew," or of the heroism of which the lower orders are capable, whether it is displayed by a herculean peasant as in "Hurrish," or by a tiny street-Arab as in "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor."

The Irish people, at once abject and gallant, conspicuous for the extremest shades of folly and of wisdom, of generosity and of fiendish cruelty, in turn the terror and the jest of enemies and the

pride and shame of friends, threatens to remain for all time a moral riddle to students of national character. But native novelists, and especially the six who form the subject of the present article — Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Griffin, the two Banims, and Carleton, have rendered it impossible to plead the want of material as an excuse for leaving the problem unattempted.

When the national novel issued from the hands of Miss Edgeworth, the field which the social peculiarities of Ireland offered to an observant eye was singularly rich and varied. Life in the eighteenth century was charged with all the elements of burlesque romance. In rural districts the strength of the feudal feeling between master and dependant secured devotion on the one side and protection on the other. At the great house disputes were settled, quarrels reconciled, debts arbitrated without the intervention of lawyers. If the landlord horsewhipped a tenant to-day, he fought a duel for him to-morrow. The reciprocity of interest between the two was close, for the model squire never distrained on a tenant or paid a shilling to a creditor. Both racked the resources of their ingenuity to bamboozle a lawyer or castigate a bailiff, to cheat a tax-gatherer or evade a tithe-proctor; and the delights of the sport compensated for the danger of a debtor's prison. Duelling became a social necessity, when no laws were respected except those of gaming and fighting, and when the only process by which debts were discharged was the trigger. No class was exempted from this universal law; the lord-chancellor, the provost of Trinity, privy councillors, ministers of the crown, took the field; plaintiffs challenged their opponents in legal actions; judges exchanged shots with those who overruled their decisions, and enforced the respect of the bar by the accuracy of their aim rather than of their ruling.

Of this social carnival, Dublin was the centre. Every class of society seemed, like Carleton's doughty tailor, Ned Malone, "fairly blue-moulded for want of a 'batin.'" The streets were filled with a fighting throng of bullies and fire-eaters. To the reign of the Tiger Roches and fighting Fitzgeralds succeeded the more polished and brilliant period from 1782 to 1797. Great families vied with one another in the reckless rapidity of their race along the road to ruin. Parliament had recently gained some degree of freedom, and eloquence blazed forth in the Senate. Commerce, relieved from the weight of

prohibitory duties, showed signs of revival. But after the rebellion Dublin sank into a city of the dead. Politically and socially the nation collapsed. The popular effervescence cooled down or was suppressed. With a ruined or absentee aristocracy, and a commercial middle class, all the vehemence, the intensity, the ardor of the nation survived in the peasant; in him they were fostered by the repetition of legendary tales, and maintained by the emotional religion which he embraced. He was pre-eminently the true depository of the national characteristics. His gaiety, his exuberance, his grotesqueness remained, but they were deeply tinged with darker traits. Upon him fell with the greatest severity the harsh penal laws, and out of them sprang those secret associations of which Irish novelists are fond, and which are treated in such books as Crowe's "Carders," Banim's "John Doe," Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Whiteboys," Carleton's "Rody the Rover; or, the Ribbonman," and "Redmond, Count O'Halloran, the Rapparee." The peasant's character was moulded by evil influences which made him pitiless in his vindictiveness. As he embraced with fervor his national faith, as he clung to his native superstitions, as he brooded over associations which privation and oppression rendered gloomy and tragic, in him centred all the romance of Irish social life.

Miss Edgeworth was the first writer who saw the wealth of material which the peculiarities of Irish civilization, both past and present, afforded to the writer of fiction. But she was not a national novelist. Her treatment of her subjects betrays her alien blood, and, it may be added, her alien creed. She disclaims all knowledge of Brian Boru, the Milesians, or the Irish jig; a Scotch writer might as well care nothing for Robert Bruce, the Covenanters, and the bagpipes. Her pictures are coldly drawn, her touches are cool and minute, revealing many points which might have escaped any one whose heart had warmed and expanded among the Irish people. Her novels deal mainly with landlords, agents, and attorneys, and here her powers of acute observation produce excellent sketches of real life, drawn with extraordinary care and truth. Her King Corney, in "Ormond," is a fine creation. But she is always a philanthropist rather than a patriot. She has none of the vividness, buoyancy, and warmth of temperament which could alone sympathize with the intense nature of the peasant. She draws him with no true dis-

crimination. Larry, the postboy, in "The Absentee," Thady Quirk in "Castle Rackrent," are humorous characters. But to a woman so wanting in passion, the Irish peasant was necessarily a sealed book. Nor, again, does her diagnosis of the disease from which Ireland suffered penetrate below the skin. She saw the improvidence, absenteeism, rack-renting, and middlemen, but she ignored the social and political causes that lay beneath the surface. Her pictures are interesting because they express acute observations of social facts, but they illustrate nothing more strongly than her inability to appreciate the character of the Irish race. Her best title to immortality remains the fact that "Castle Rackrent" drew from the desk where it had lain the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley."

Lady Morgan affords the strongest possible contrast to Miss Edgeworth. She plunged her pen into the ink rashly and immaturely, Miss Edgeworth only when her taste was matured by sedulous cultivation; the one derives her charm from the warmth of her heart, the other from the coolness of her judgment; the one is inexhaustibly vivacious, but thoughtless and slipshod, the other is uniformly sober-minded and wins upon the reader by the power of accurate modelling and elaborate execution. Lady Morgan's novels are intensely patriotic rather than essentially national. Her object was not so much to describe the true character of the people as to swell the cry for Catholic relief. Herself the daughter of a strolling player, she paints what she conceived to be her own picture in Lady Clancare, the last of the royal race of the MacCarthys, an authoress, a peeress, beloved by the people, captivating and mysterious. The same exuberance of imagination and the same tendency to romantic idealization pervades all her delineations. Too volatile to be judicious, too sentimental to be natural, she pours forth inflated rhapsodies in redundant phraseology. She believed herself to be an Irish Madame de Staël, and her affectations and mannerisms often distorted the truth of her perceptions. Yet, in spite of inaccuracies, inappropriate dialogues, and forced incidents, she paints in strong, broad outline the romantic aspects of the people. Her "O'Donnell," "Florence MacCarthy," and "O'Briens and O'Flahertys" rank high among works of national fiction. She misses the more subtle traits of the Irish character, her sketches are superficial, and her figures idealized. But the gen-

eral effect is, like the authoress herself, eminently Irish. Her hedge schoolmaster, O'Leary, her faithful Shane, her tender-hearted Macrory, are true to life so far as they go. It is only in her scenes of fashionable life that she is vulgar. Here it is impossible not to acknowledge the truth of the sarcasm of Lady Cork, whom Lady Morgan had assailed in *Lady Llanberis*: "Lady Morgan is well enough as an Irish blackguard, but as an English fine lady she is detestable."

The ill-omened leaven of Irish society either eluded Miss Edgeworth's observation or jarred upon her well-balanced mind, while Lady Morgan looks upon her subjects through a false haze of sentimental idealism. But between 1822 and 1840 Griffin, the Banims, and Carleton had caught the true spirit of the Irish nation, and painted firm, faithful pictures of Irish life and character. Nothing more strongly confirms Thackeray's theory of the inherent melancholy of the Irish peasantry than these novels. Through all there runs a strain of strange, wild sadness, like the rambling music of an Æolian harp.

Among Irish novelists Griffin, in our opinion, stands first. His life is the melancholy record of a desperate struggle for literary fame. He was born at Limerick, in 1803. The son of a wealthy brewer, he had received a good education. In 1820 his father was ruined, and the family emigrated to America, leaving Griffin to pursue the medical profession in Ireland. But he soon decided to abandon medicine for literature. After a short apprenticeship as a journalist on the staff of the Limerick *Adventurer*, he started, a boy of nineteen, to win fame in the great wilderness of London. He describes himself as "totally unknown to a single family in London, coming into town with a few pounds in one pocket and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one will set him up before the others are exhausted." Macready rejected "Aguirre" because scenic effects, like "The Cataract of the Ganges," were the only form of dramatic entertainment which filled the theatres. Not dispirited by his first failure, he wrote "Gysippus" in coffee-houses, on little slips of paper; but manager after manager, and actor after actor, returned it unread. Meanwhile hope faded within him. Too proud to accept assistance, he hid himself from his Irish friends, and passed whole days without food. At last John Banim found him out, and helped him, offering him also a place,

which he refused, in the "O'Hara Family;" at the same time, Maginn introduced him to Jerdan, and he began to write for the *Literary Gazette*. In 1826 he achieved his first success with an easily written set of stories, called "Holland-tide;" the following year he increased his reputation with "Munster Festivals;" and in 1828 "The Collegians" raised him to the first rank among Irish novelists. It is by far his finest effort. The "Tales of My Neighborhood" did not add to his fame; "The Rivals" is too revolting in its horror. His two historical novels are unreadable; "The Duke of Monmouth" is heavy, and the plot of "The Invasion" is only a peg on which to hang antiquarian dissertations on the manners and customs of Ireland in the days of Charlemagne. Always a man of deep religious feeling, Griffin was not satisfied with his success. He began to feel, to use his own words, that he was wasting his life "in the composition of trashy tales and novels that do no good to myself or any one else." In September, 1838, he destroyed all his manuscripts, consisting of dramas, tales, and poems, more or less complete, and entered the order of Christian Brothers at Dublin as a postulant. In October he was admitted as a religious novice. Six months later, in June, 1839, he died at Cork, of typhoid fever.

"The Collegians" was written at headlong speed. Sheet after sheet was thrown off and carried to the printer without correction or revision. Apart from the interest of the story, there is a careless grace, a swing, and a freshness in the narrative which are explained by the manner of its composition. Griffin's mind was absorbed in his subject; he felt keenly every position in which he placed his characters. He always wished to see Edmund Kean play the part of Hardress Cregan, when, just before his arrest and with the warning in his ear, he endeavors to be polite to his mother's guests. One of Griffin's strongest points is his perception of dramatic situations; and it is remarkable that besides "The Collegians," which was put on the stage as "The Colleen Bawn," three others of his stories were dramatized as "The Robber's Wife," "Presumptive Evidence," and "Love's Sacrifice." The story of Eiley O'Connor is true. John Scanlan, the real murderer, was hanged, although he was defended by Dan O'Connell. So also the death of old Daly, the huntsman, is founded on fact; but the message was really sent by the guests to

the host, who had been too hospitable to allow his dying condition to interfere with his conviviality. Tenderness, passion, imagination, terror, pathos, are all at Griffin's command. Humor is not one of his strongest gifts; yet Lowry Looby and Myles Murphy are humorous enough to afford relief. The story is full of poetic interest, and its tragic gloom is diversified by bright gleams of gaiety and tenderness. The accessories are rich and abundant. The minor characters are sufficiently numerous to give life and reality, and they are both definite and varied; yet all are subordinated to the central group, and at the last to the central figure. There are few books in which the levity and seriousness, joyousness and melancholy, warm affection and vindictive passion of the Irish character are so effectively depicted. But Griffin is rather the novelist of the higher rural classes than of the tiller of the soil. Many traits of peasant life are touched in with skill. Darby Mann is an embodiment of the clannish fidelity of Irish servants. In Poll Naughten are admirably illustrated the hatred which the peasant of the south bears to the law of the land, his unwillingness to give evidence in a case of life and death, and the ingenuity with which he baffles the keenest lawyer. So, too, it is a bold, yet happy instinct, which prompts Griffin to embody the refined delicacy of feeling that marks every word of Eileay O'Connor in the homely language of the coarsely dressed peasant girl. So intimate is his knowledge of his ground, so exquisite his perception of a character which combines reality with romance, that the picture never appears to be forced. Hardress Cregan is as well conceived as he is finely delineated. A vividly distinct impression is gained of the man, yet with scarcely a line of description, and only through the development of the story. And the general impression which the story leaves behind is as true as the details are accurate. All the old elements which had formerly rendered Irish life so turbulent were still in existence. They only slumbered; at any time they might be reawakened. In a moment Hyland Creagh, the buck and duellist, passes from joviality to savagery.

Griffin was, as has been said, the novelist of higher rural life. Even in him the peasantry had found no adequate interpreter. That task was reserved for the two Banims and for William Carleton, men born of the class and among the sur-

roundings they describe. Michael and John Banim were the sons of a farmer and tradesman of Kilkenny. Michael, the eldest, was born in 1796 and died in 1874; John, born in 1798, died in 1842. They received a good education in their native place at the English academy, under a master named Buchanan, who figures in "Father Connell" as the eccentric Buchmahon. Michael Banim studied for the bar; but his father's ruin compelled him to take to business. John Banim, who began life as a drawing-master, adopted literature as his profession. Although a half-paralyzed invalid he achieved considerable success as a poet, a dramatist, a novelist, and a journalist. The favorable reception of his tragedy "Damon and Pythias" attracted him to London, where he conceived the idea of writing stories of Irish life. With the aid of his brother Michael, he brought out the first series of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family" in 1825. John's reputation in other fields secured him the greater part of the credit which the authors earned. But most of the tales, and among them "Crohoore of the Bill-Hook," "Father Connell," and "The Croppy," were the work of Michael Banim. The "O'Hara Tales" are vigorous, original stories, arguing an intimate acquaintance with Irish life, and "creating," as Griffin said of them, "an intense interest without stepping out of real life."

The Banims have none of the poetry or refinement of Griffin. Both aimed at showing the peasant to be no low comedian or causelessly turbulent savage. They regard him mainly on his tragic side—in the throes of passion or the convulsive energy of fierce struggle. Some tender scenes of domestic happiness lighten the prevailing gloom, and the rare pathos is rendered more effective by the grimness of the surroundings. Speaking generally, the Banims paint with a hard realism and a stern intensity of purpose which seldom fail to produce a powerful impression. The colors are laid on coarsely, never softened into each other or harmoniously blended. But the principal actors stand out in bold relief, rendered independent of each other by some specific feature, and strongly individualized by the vice-like grip with which the Banims seize the particular effect they desire to produce. Both brothers incline to melodrama, and only their graphic force saves them from the inevitable failure. The character of the country speaks in their writings. They

know little or no repose, but start suddenly from smiles to fierce passion; even their softest notes are jarred by jangling discords. Neither of the brothers is a humorist; if they strive to raise a laugh, they, as a rule, do so noisily and restrainedly. They share the common faults of Irish novelists, a strong tendency to exaggeration and an excessive inclination towards the horrible.

The "O'Hara Tales" are stories of mystery and violence, complicated in plot, forced and abrupt in transitions. "Have you seen," asked Miss Edgeworth, in 1827, "the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family' — the second series? They are of unequal value; one called 'The Nowlans' is a work of great genius." With this contemporary verdict most readers of the story must perforce agree. Yet in the hands of greater artists more would have been made of the materials. The interest excited by the temptation and fall of the young priest would be extraordinarily great, if it were not frittered away by needless complications of the plot, and wasted in a profusion of powerfully painted, but irrelevant scenes.

"Crohoore of the Bill-hook" affords the best illustration of the merits and defects of the Banims. Many of the incidents are narrated with consummate force, and for graphic vividness of description, it would be difficult to surpass the combat between the peasantry and the dragoons. But the story is crowded with horrors and improbabilities. It opens with the ghastly murder of three persons and the forcible abduction of a fourth. The two heroes of the tale are, separately and on different charges, tried and condemned for murder, yet both are innocent; the first is reprieved at the gallows, the second, as he stands in the dock awaiting his sentence, saves himself by arresting the real murderer with his own hand. The whole story is cast in unmixed low life, for no one is above the rank of a snug farmer. It is in these pictures of peasant life that the Banims excel. They relatively fail when, as in "Boyne Water," "The Croppy," or "The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century," they try to recall the image of the past, or stray into the artificial domain of fashionable romance. Yet the last-mentioned novel repays perusal at the present day. It discusses, from the point of view of a peasant and an ardent patriot, the future prospects of the Union; describes how Mr. Knightly was driven to abandon his hopes of making Ireland an English-

Irish country; depicts the troubles of a landlord, who in the southern counties can obtain "no rents, no lease-premiums, no removal premiums. In some instances he in vain ejects the cotters and small farmers who will not pay him a shilling; for either the ground remains unlet, or Captain Rock shoots, burns, or drives away a new tenant."

William Carleton is in some respects a greater writer than any of the Irish novelists. He paints lawless passions with much of the grim intensity of the Banims, but he can also describe a rustic courtship with something of Griffin's poetic tenderness or Lover's rollicking fun. He is essentially the novelist of peasant life; his aim is to be, as he himself said, the historian of the Irish people, their habits, manners, feelings, superstitions, prejudices, and crimes. Like the Banims he was by birth one of the class which he describes; he mingled with the peasantry in daily life, and plumbed the depths of their minds. Of all the Irish novelists he is the most valuable as an interpreter of their character. Thackeray called him "the greatest genius that has written of Irish life," and Miss Edgeworth declared that till she read Carleton she did not know the Irish peasant.

He was born in 1794 in County Tyrone, where his father occupied a small farm of only fourteen acres. His parents were miserably poor, but they were also exceptionally gifted. From his father's inexhaustible stock his mind was early stored with tales and legends; his mother was famed far and wide for her skill in giving the keen, and in singing Irish airs. The value of his "Tales of Ireland" and "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" is greatly increased by the fact that the scenes and characters are genuine transcripts of his own personal experiences. He was himself taught in a hedge school by Pat Frayne, who was the original of Kavanagh. He himself set out as a "poor scholar" to make his way to Munster, but a dream warned him to return when he had reached Granard. Himself destined, like "Denis O'Shaughnessy," for the priesthood, he had rejoiced in the display of his learning, and exulted in sesquipedalian words or an occasional verse from the Greek Testament. He had himself, at the age of nineteen, visited St. Patrick's Purgatory, and it is his own experience that he relates in "The Lough-Derg Pilgrim." It is commonly asserted that the spectacles which he there wit-

nessed decided him not to become a priest. But his high spirits and love of amusement sufficiently explain his distaste for the profession. He attended every dance, wake, wedding, fair, or merrymaking in the neighborhood, and was no less famous for his jigs than for his learning. The Shebeen was as familiar to him as the cabin. Ned M'Keown of the Cross Roads, his wife Nancy, and all the company assembled at his house, are drawn from real life.

After a brief interval spent as tutor in the family of a wealthy farmer of County Louth, Carleton decided to seek his fortune in Dublin. He arrived in the city with 2s. 9d. in his pocket, and fortunately made the acquaintance of the Rev. Cæsar Otway, who advised him to attempt a short story, which was published in the *Christian Examiner*. In 1830 his first series of "Traits and Stories" was collected, and for the next thirty years he continued to pour forth a stream of tales. It was not till 1839 that he made what may be called a sustained, continuous effort. His first novel, "Fardarougha the Miser," is, with the possible exception of "The Black Prophet" (1847), the most successful of all his writings.

Carleton paints the Irishman in the midst of his family group, his wife, children, pigs, poultry, beggar-man, female mendicant, beggar's dog, wandering priest, and crickets. He describes with infinite gusto the rustic sports at wakes or weddings. Faction fights were never better described than in "The Battle of the Factions." He gives us the alternative cloud and sunshine of Irish life, with minute fidelity and striking realism. But as a novelist he has many faults. He crowds his descriptions with too many details, and continually repeats himself. His longer stories are wire-drawn; he cannot resist his tendency to caricature, and, like Dickens, whom in some points he resembled, he is incapable of dealing with characters in the higher ranks of life. He starts with a good idea, but he is not content even to run it down; he worries it, and, contrary to all rules of sport, sets it off again. His novels should be read by the side of the "O'Hara Tales," that they may correct one another, for, unlike the Banims, Carleton is animated by a fixed jealousy of priestly influence.

The Banims and Carleton describe the Irish peasantry as they are in their essential nature. They paint an illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, yet droll, warm-heart-

ed, impulsive, and even poetic people. The national faults of indolence and drunkenness are not concealed, nor are they blind to the darker shadows of the picture. The artists are themselves peasants and champions of the peasantry, but the portrait they have drawn is appalling in its ferocity and vindictiveness. They see the passions which have stained the national name with periodical paroxysms of frightful crime, and which seem to render the national character a discordant mass of jangling elements. If any one doubts the subtlety, the cruelty, the treachery, the cunning, of the Irish peasant, let him read what men of their own class have written. Their Croppies, Rapparees, and Ribbonmen are not sentimental, pure, angelic ruffians, but fierce, desperate men, seared and brutalized by familiarity with crime. But except in the case of an unmitigated villain like Robin Costigan, who belongs essentially to the criminal class, their most savage desperadoes are redeemed by better instincts from absolute reprobation, or excused by the circumstances of their first indiscretions.

It is upon the evil influences by which the peasantry were moulded that these writers insist. The Penal Code excluded Catholics from education; those who belonged to the proscribed religion could not take a temperate, and therefore enlightened, view of their condition. They saw their priests hunted down like foxes, their creed denounced, their worship discouraged. Oppressed as they already were by excessive rack-rents, they were compelled to support the splendor of a privileged establishment for the sake of which their own Church was persecuted. And to the Catholic peasantry the representative of this privileged establishment was too often a man of the type of Peery Clancy, the tithe-proctor, whose speech alternated between bullying and fawning, blasphemous oaths and obscene jests, who robbed and cheated his employer, who was at once tax-gatherer and money-lender, who wrung extortionate interest from the necessities and the ignorance of the peasant, and when the victim was inextricably entangled, himself filed and served the processes, himself seized, sold, and bought in the peasant's cows or pigs. Added to the abuses of the tithe system were the curses of non-resident landlords and tyrannical agents. All the evils of the land system are depicted with unrivalled force in such a book as Carleton's "Valentine M'Clutchy." The non-residence of the

owner of Castle Cumber leaves wholesale power in the hands of Val the Vulture, who uses it mercilessly for his own aggrandizement. Such were the abuses which taught the peasant to consider himself at war with the law of the land, to regard the assassination of an agent as a providentially successful ambush, and the murder of a tithe-proctor as the extinction of pestilent vermin. It was for reasons like these that Captain Rock appeared to the peasant as a national leader, that lawlessness assumed the disguise of patriotism, that resistance to law was esteemed a virtue and submission denounced as cowardice, that fidelity to a secret league was made the highest point of honor, and treachery stamped with the ineradicable brand of Cain. Nurtured in these evil traditions, profoundly ignorant, and grossly superstitious, the Irish peasantry are made of the inflammable stuff that ignites like tow at the burning words of demagogues.

Carleton adds another feature to the portrait that he and the Banims painted of the national character. He protests against the worship of the priesthood, and compares the homage paid by the people to the servile fear of slaves before their drivers. He contemplates with anxious foreboding the fatal consequences that must inevitably ensue for the social and intellectual degradation of the Roman Catholic clergy. He looks forward with dread to the time when the country will be surrendered to leaders little superior in education to their followers, and inheriting from their predecessors the narrow, unrelenting spirit of zealous proselytism. A peasantry thus led, easily falls a victim to what Carleton calls the "pestilent poison of mercenary agitation." When these three novelists wrote there were still two safeguards against the omnipotence of this deadly virus. The priests and the women were on the side of law and order. Father O'Clery, in "The Peep o' Day," implores the peasants, as Irishmen, as Christians, as fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands, to abandon all secret societies, and his stirring appeal is backed from the altar of the same chapel by the voice of the Protestant clergyman. The women then pleaded on the side of mercy. Moya Farrel saves Bignel, the agent, from the hands of the Rockites; Nance Hogan warns Gerald Blount of the ambush that had been laid for him. But now, if we are to believe Miss Lawless, women foment the passions, stimulate the hatred, and instigate the crime.

R. E. PROTHERO.

From The Spectator.

WORDSWORTHIANA.*

THIS is a very agreeable record of a society which had the modesty to think that a short lease of existence might suit some kinds of composite literary bodies better than even an aspiration after immortality, — an aspiration which, besides being sure not to get itself realized, is very apt to give birth to a great deal of literary twaddle in the vain attempt to get itself realized. Professor Knight (who was, as Matthew Arnold in his presidential address truly said, rather the author of the society's being, than its honorary secretary merely) says that it lived for seven years. But the professor's arithmetic seems a little faulty, or perhaps his interest in the society made six years swell in his imagination into seven years, for he tells us that it was founded on September 29th, 1880, and that it was dissolved at the summer meeting in 1886 over which Lord Selborne presided; and we doubt whether any arithmetic can make that period account for even the full age of six years. Yet very wisely, Professor Knight has not published all that the society produced even in that comparatively short time. One of the best papers ever communicated to it — Mr. Aubrey de Vere's on "The Power and Passion of Wordsworth" — has, we believe, been reproduced in Mr. de Vere's own essays, and that, no doubt, will account for its not appearing here. And for a similar reason, some of Professor Knight's own valuable papers have not been republished here. But there is plenty both to amuse and to charm the reader. There is Matthew Arnold's address to the society in 1883; there is Mr. Lowell's address to it in 1884; there is Lord Houghton's address in 1885; and there is Lord Selborne's in 1886, — all of them well worth permanent record. There is the valuable paper by Professor Knight on the various portraits of Wordsworth; there is the very entertaining paper by Mr. Rawnsley on the reminiscences of Wordsworth which are still to be heard among the Westmoreland peasantry; there are two charming papers by Mr. Ainger, one on "Wordsworth and Charles Lamb," and the other on "The Poets who Helped to Form Wordsworth's Style;" and there is a very fascinating paper on "Wordsworth and Turner" by Mr. Harry Goodwin; finally, there are several other papers

* Wordsworthiana: a Selection from Papers Read to the Wordsworth Society. Edited by William Knight. London: Macmillan and Co.

which will attract many readers, like Mr. Shorthouse's on "The Platonism of Wordsworth," Mr. Aubrey de Vere's on "The Personal Character of Wordsworth's Poetry," and Mr. Heard's on "Wordsworth's Treatment of Sound." Altogether, it would be difficult to find a more attractive volume of miscellaneous studies of Wordsworth from very different points of view.

Nothing is more remarkable in Mr. Rawnsley's very entertaining paper on the reminiscences of Wordsworth which are still extant among the Westmoreland peasantry, than the emphasis with which they insist on preferring other intimates of Wordsworth, marked by more noticeable and picturesque traits, to the poet himself. Several of them insisted that Hartley Coleridge, "little Hartley," as they fondly called him, was much the more noticeable man of the two; another has an impressive story of Wilson (Christopher North), whose shoeless walk with Wordsworth was evidently regarded as reflecting more splendor on Wordsworth than Wordsworth could ever have reflected on Wilson; and others, again, thought that Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was responsible for a much larger share of Wordsworth's fame than he himself could have generated. To the Westmoreland peasantry, Wordsworth appeared a homely man, not particularly fond of the mountain-side, — they all insist that he was very little of a mountaineer, and much preferred the roads for his long walks, — extremely reserved, who went roaming about, repeating to himself his own verses, and not willingly making friends of any one but his sister Dorothy, Hartley Coleridge, and John Wilson. Even when he took a walk with his family, he separated himself from them to mutter to himself; and it is evident that the Westmoreland peasantry thought him distant and comparatively uninteresting, though they had a considerable respect for his independence and uprightness and for his strange love of nocturnal rambles. Here is the reminiscence of an old and now blind man, who lived "as page or butler's assistant at Rydal Mount:" —

"Mr. Wudsworth was a plain-faced man, and a mean liver." The description, as I hinted in the preface, would have staggered a philo-Wordsworthian unaccustomed to the native dialect. "But he was a good master and a kind man; and as for Mrs. Wudsworth, she was a downright clever woman, as kep' accounts, and was a reg'lar manasher. He never know'd, bless ye, what he had, nor

what he was worth, nor whether there was owt to eat in the house, never." "But you say," I interposed, "that he didn't care much whether there was or was not food in the house." "Nay, nay, Wudsworth was a man as was fond of a good dinner at times, if you could get him to it, that was t' job; not but what he was a very temperate man i' all things, very, but they was all on 'em mean livers, and in a plain way. It was porridge for breakfast, and a bit of mutton to dinner, and porridge at night, with a bit of cheese, happen, to end up wi'." "You said it was hard to get him to his meals: what did you mean?" I asked. "Weel, weel, it was study as was his delight: he was a' for study; and Mrs. Wudsworth would say, 'Ring the bell,' but he wouldn't stir, bless ye. 'Goa and see what he's doing,' she'd say, and we go up to study door and hear him a mumbling and bumming through it. 'Dinner's ready, sir,' I'd ca' out, but he'd go mumbling on like a deaf man, ya see. And sumtimes Mrs. Wudsworth 'ud say, 'Goa and break a bottle, or let a dish fall just outside door in passage.' Eh dear, that mostly 'ud bring him out, would that. It was only that as wud, however. For ye kna he was a very careful mon, and he couldn't do with brekking the china." "And was he continually at study indoors, or did he rise early, go out for a walk before breakfast, and study, as I have heard, mostly in the open air?" I asked. My friend answered at once. "He was always at it, ye kna, but it was nowt but what he liked, and not much desk work except when he had a mind to it. Noa, noa, he was quite a open-air man, was Wudsworth: studied a deal upo' the roads. He wasn't partic'lar fond of gitten up early, but did a deal of study after breakfast, and a deal after tea. Walked the roads after dark, he would, a deal between his tea and supper, and efter. Not a very conversable man, a mumblin' and stoppin', and seein' nowt nor nobody." "And what were his favorite roads?" I asked in an innocent way. "Well, he was very partial to going up to Tarn Foot in Easedale, and was fondest o' walking by Red Bank and round by Barber's [the late Miss Agar's house,] or else t'other way about and home by Clappersgate and Brankers, under Loughrigg. Never was nowt of a mountaineer, and Miss Dorothy 'companied him. Eh dear, many time I've watched him coming round wi' lantern and her after a walk by night. You've heard tell of Miss Dorothy, happen. Well, folks said she was cleverest mon of the two at his job, and he allays went to her when he was puzzled. Dorothy had the wits, tho' she went wrang, ye kna." . . . "But surely," I said, "he had some particular cottage or farm where he would go and have a crack." "Naay, naay. He would go times or two to farm Dungeon Ghyll way, but he wasn't a man for friends. He had some, neih doubt, in his walk of life; he was ter'ble friends with the Doctor [Arnold] and Muster Southey, and Wilson of Ellera and Hartley Coleridge.

I've seen him many a time taking him out arm i' arm for a talking. But he was specially friendly with Professor. I mind one time when we was driving, me and Mrs. Wudsworth and Miss Wudsworth, to Kendal, and Professor Wilson was superintending making o' a bye-road up by Elleray there, and he was in his slippers. Nowt wud do but Wudsworth must git down and fall to talkin', and we went on; but he didn't come, and Mrs. Wudsworth said, 'Ye mun drive on; he'll pick us up at Kendal: no knowing what's got him, now Professor is wi' 'im.' Well, well, she was right. For after putting up at Kendal, who should walk in but Wudsworth and Professor wi'out ony shoes to his feet neather, for Wilson was in his slippers, and 'ad walk'd hisself to his stockin' feet, and left best part of his stockin' on road an' a' far enuff before they got to Kendal."

That is not too honorific on the part of the Westmoreland peasantry. But it is not only the Westmoreland peasantry who seem compelled to depreciate Wordsworth even while they are explaining how remarkable he was. Several of the presidents of the society discharged the office of "candid friend" rather than that of panegyrist, and assuredly made more admissions to Wordsworth's foes than were ever yet made by partisans. Mr. Russell Lowell concedes frankly that he has played the part of *advocatus diaboli* in relation to Wordsworth. And we may add that it would be difficult to play the part of *advocatus diaboli* better, or with more chance of succeeding in depriving Wordsworth of the beatification which the society probably desired to bestow. The following, for instance, is true enough, yet it is not nearly so often true as Mr. Russell Lowell would have us believe:—

Even as a teacher he is often too much of a pedagogue, and is apt to forget that poetry instructs not by precept and inculcation, but by hints, and indirections and suggestions, by inducing a mood rather than by enforcing a principle or a moral. He sometimes impresses our fancy with the image of a school-master whose classroom commands an unrivalled prospect of cloud and mountain, of all the pomp and prodigality of heaven and earth. From time to time he calls his pupils to the window, and makes them see what without the finer intuition of his eyes they had never seen, makes them feel what, without the sympathy of his more penetrating sentiment, they had never felt. It seems the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth, and to contain in itself its own justification. Then suddenly recollecting his duty, he shuts the window, calls them back to their tasks, and is equally well pleased and more discursive in enforcing on them the truth that the moral of all this is that in order to be happy they must be virtu-

ous. If the total absence of any sense of humor had the advantage sometimes of making Wordsworth sublimely unconscious, it quite as often made him so to his loss.

We say it is not nearly so often true as Mr. Russell Lowell would have us believe, because he actually suggests that it is only when we judge Wordsworth by a *dozen* single poems of his noblest kind, that we should declare him "not only a great poet, but among the greatest." Substitute fifty or sixty for the dozen, and Mr. Lowell would have been nearer the mark. And probably even that number is too small. But it is no discredit to a society to show that it is not afraid of the *advocatus diaboli*, and there will be found in this volume quite enough to rectify any slight injustice which some of the papers contain. One of the most valuable contributions is Mr. Ainger's second paper on those predecessors of Wordsworth from whom he may be said to have formed his style, for while nothing could illustrate better the vast service which Wordsworth rendered to modern poetry than that paper, nothing will show more conclusively that he had some real literary ancestors, and was not a mere prodigy of poetic nature. What could be more effective or truer than the following criticism of Mr. Ainger's?—

There is no doubt whatever as to what he [Wordsworth] meant when he denounced that poetic phraseology which for nearly a hundred years had cramped and hindered the development of true poetic insight in the verse-writers of England. From the time of Pope, those who passed for poets in England, with some eminent and noteworthy exceptions, had gone on copying, not from Nature, but from one another. "It is remarkable," writes Wordsworth in one of the Prefaces just referred to, "that, excepting the 'Nocturnal Reverie' of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination." Well, this assertion perhaps partakes of the exaggeration that too often marks Wordsworth's language in speaking of his predecessors, but we cannot deny that it is substantially true. And the practice thus described—of not looking at Nature with their own eyes, but of borrowing the aspects of Nature (or what were supposed to be such) from one another—this practice was of course at the root of that con-

ventional language, that "poetic diction," which by Wordsworth's day had become rapid and nauseous beyond bearing. This was inevitable. As long as Nature is not watched and noted at first-hand, it is clear that the same words, epithets, and phrases will serve over and over again to describe her. Just reflect what this "poetic diction" really was. Even from men of genuine poetic sensibility, even from Goldsmith, and Gray, and Thomson, we might compile a complete vocabulary or glossary of this poetic language. Out of this "poetic diction" we might construct a poetic dictionary. Let us recall a few of such stereotyped words and phrases. In the poets I have in mind a girl is a *nymph*, and her lover a *swain*; a poet is a *bard*; a traveller is always a *pilgrim*; the air in motion is the *gale*; a wood is a *grove*; birds are *songsters* or the *feathered choir*; any distant view in the country is the *landscape*; a country house is a *bover*; a person living alone always a *hermit*, and so forth; and a list of the poetic epithets that occur over and over again, such as "odorous," and "vernal," and "purling" could be indefinitely extended. This was what constituted, in fact, the stock in trade, the capital of any ingenious wit or "eminent hand" who set up as poet; and the strong family likeness among those writers, under the circumstances, is not to be wondered at. Most of the minor verse of the eighteenth century consisted in "ringing the changes" upon these substantives and adjectives, and many others like unto them. And the secret

(a very open one) of this poetic style is certainly the direct antithesis of Wordsworth's. For it lay in *not* using for poetic purposes the language of every day. It lay in *not* calling a tree a tree, a field a field, a wind a wind—in fact, in *not* calling a spade a spade.

Mr. Ainger might have added that Cowper was one of those who prepared the way for Wordsworth. It is true that Cowper was not unfrequently guilty of the use of the technical poetical phraseology which did so much to spoil the poetry of the eighteenth century. He tells us, for instance, in one of his simplest and most artless pieces, that his dog "Beau" was presented to him by "two nymphs adorned with every grace," where the word "nymphs" is as much out of place as it would be if applied to Ruth in the Old Testament. Still, Cowper, though he could not disembarass himself of all the old technical phraseology of the eighteenth-century poetry, introduced an easy and limpid simplicity of his own,—now pathetic in its heartfelt despondency, now airy in its humorous prattle,—which must have rendered Wordsworth's revolutionary work twice as easy as it otherwise would have been.

The world has reason to thank Professor Knight very heartily for this entertaining as well as instructive volume.

NEW SWEDISH RAPID-FIRING GUN. — At the Copenhagen Exhibition is shown the first specimen of a new Swedish rapid-firing gun, designed by Mr. Harald Thronsen and manufactured at the large and celebrated establishment of Finspongs Styckebruk, Sweden. This new gun attracts a considerable amount of attention. The Finspong gun is capable of firing eighteen shots per minute with one man, while with two men it has a capacity of one shot every other second, or thirty shots per minute. The gun exhibited at Copenhagen has a calibre of forty-seven millimetres; its entire length is about fifty-two calibres, and the distance from the base of the projectile to the mouth of the barrel is forty calibres. There are five different projectiles shown at Copenhagen, viz., solid shot, steel shell, chilled point cast-iron shell, common shell, and shrapnel with sixty-four small projectiles; the weight is the same for them all, viz., about 3·3 pounds (or 1·5 kilogramme). The muzzle velocity is 2,141 feet (six hundred and fifty-seven metres) per second with a charge of seven hundred and fifty grammes of Swedish field artillery powder; the maximum pressure in the barrel has been twenty-three hundred

atmospheres. The mechanism is both simple and strong. The Finspong gun rests in a pivot carriage, so that it can be worked in all directions. It has a shoulder-piece about the size of the butt end of an ordinary rifle, against which the man who works it places his right shoulder, and with the right hand he holds the trigger, or, if he works the gun by himself, works the lever that moves the eccentric, while the left hand rests on another lever, which, when pulled towards the man, acts as a brake and fixes the gun in any position and in all directions, so that several shots can be fired against a certain point, without its being necessary to repeat the aiming for each shot. The gun shown at Copenhagen has a screen of plate iron, but otherwise the gun is able to produce all-round fire. The material is wrought Martin steel, manufactured on the establishment. Finspong has both iron mines, furnaces, and steel works of its own, besides vast forests and ample water power. Besides the orders for guns which Finspong steadily receives from the Swedish government, they have orders in hand at present for about seventy guns for the Danish government.

Engineering.

r.
e.
a
n

y-
e
t
e
y
f
r
t
s
s
e
e
e
e
n-
y
w
h
i-
e

or
g

le
a
ill
ne
st
ht
is
lf,
c,
er,
as
nd
be
ng
ot.
en
ole
is
he
es,
les
lea
ily
ney
out

z.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

The New-York Observer says:—

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

The Watchman, Boston, says:—

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, is there in abundance, and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the Living Age. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

The Living Church, Chicago, says:—

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

The New-York Tribune says:—

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

The Times, Philadelphia, says:—

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money: in no other form can so rich instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

The North American, Philadelphia, says:—

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Richmond Whig says:—

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed of all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

The Albany Argus says:—

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

The Cincinnati Gazette says it is

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

The Montreal Gazette says it is

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

The Indianapolis Journal says it

"Grows better as the years roll on."

The Boston Journal says:—

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

The Boston Traveller says:—

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, 'better is the end of this thing than the beginning.'"

The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1889 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-sixth year. Approved in the outset by Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, historians Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, and many others, it has met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

OPINIONS.

"No man who understands the worth and value of this sterling publication would think of doing without it. . . Nowhere else can be found such a comprehensive and perfect view of the best literature and thought of our times. . . Every article is an apple of gold in a picture of silver. . . It furnishes to all the means to keep themselves intelligently abreast of the time."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"It is a living picture of the age on its literary side. It was never brighter, fresher, or more worthy of its wide patronage. . . To glance at its table of contents is in itself an inspiration. . . No man will be behind the literature of the times who reads THE LIVING AGE."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"Perennial in its attractions for the intelligent reader. It is one of those few publications, weekly or monthly which seem indispensable. . . The only possible objection that could be urged to it is the immense amount of reading it gives. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. It is a library in itself. . . Such a publication exhausts our superlatives."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"Replete with all the treasures of the best current thought, the best fiction, and the best poetry of the day. . . It stands unrivalled."—*The Presbyterian, Phila.*

"The more valuable to a man, the longer he takes it. He comes to feel that he cannot live without it."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"Years of acquaintance with its weekly issues have impressed us more and more with a sense of its value and importance in an age when knowledge has increased beyond all precedent, and the multiplication of publications of all sorts makes it impossible for any one to keep up with the current. By the careful and judicious work put into the editing of THE LIVING AGE, it is made possible for the busy man to know something of what is going on with ever increasing activity in the world of letters. Without such help he is lost."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"Through its pages alone it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

"Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or Harper's Weekly or Bazar) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the St. Nicholas or Scribner's Magazine, postpaid.

Address

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.